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INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;

TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE
MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

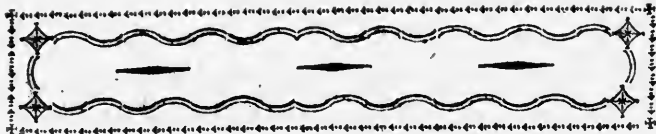
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A
COLLECTION
OF INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE
OF LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

NO woman ever united more real fortitude with so much tenderness and feeling as this illustrious character.

She was the most affectionate of wives; and yet had sufficient strength of mind to take off the proceedings at the trial of her illustrious husband, Lord Russel, no other person being permitted, by an inhuman Judge, to use a pen or pencil on the occasion. And many years after, when she was in a very advanced age, her two daughters, the Duchesses of Bedford and Devonshire, happening to lie-in just at the same time, one of them

B

died

died in child bed, and the afflicted mother being a few days afterwards with her only surviving daughter, was strictly questioned by her as to the health of her sister, of whose fate she had some suspicion; when this venerable and heroic woman, calling forth all her strength of mind, to prevent the shock, which must have been dangerous at such a period, assumed a smile, and said, " Make yourself easy, my dear, I have kiss'd your sister out of bed to-day." This was literally true, for she had kissed her in her coffin.

ANECDOTE of BISHOP BURNET.

BISHOP Burnet was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character which the French call *l'etourdie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned, on suspicion of practising a concealed method of poisoning; and, among the rest, the Countess of Soissons, niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior Prince Eugene, of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Ann's reign, when that Prince came over to England, Bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as great as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the Duke of Marlborough,

borough, that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person, whose fame resounded through all Europe. The Duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the Prince and other company at Marlborough House. The Bishop, mindful of the caution, resolved to sit silent and *incognito* during the whole entertainment; and might have kept his resolution, had not Prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified Clergyman, taken it into his head to ask him who he was. He was no sooner informed that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the Bishop, and, among other questions, asked him how long it was since he left Paris? Burnet, fluttered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction desired, answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time when the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced these words, when his eyes meeting those of the Duke's, he instantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error, by asking pardon of his Highness: he stared

wildly around, and, seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

ANECDOTE

OF GENERAL BURGOYNE,

As related by Himself.

IN Portugal he had been posted, with a body of six thousand British and some Portuguese soldiers, on the banks of the Tagus, to dispute the passage of that river with the whole Spanish army. The renowned Count de Lippe, the Generalissimo of all the forces and auxiliaries of Portugal, found every delay he could throw in the way of the enemy, of so much importance, that he sent positive orders to dispute the pass to the last man.— If he found it impossible to withstand the enemy, he was to abandon to them his camp, his artillery, and provisions, excepting as much of the latter as his men could carry at their backs, and retreat as slowly as he could to the mountains on his left, from whence he was to join the main army in small detachments. The Count accompanied the order with these words, “ I know to what a rude trial I expose the feelings of a gallant officer, when I order him to abandon his camp to the enemy; but

but the nature of the service requires such a sacrifice. Do you execute the orders, I will take measures on myself, and justify you in the sight of the world.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom. Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship.—But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remains only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by
turns;

turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging, by a solemn oath, to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix, the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his garden, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained

tertained at his table the Nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks, so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the Nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected, derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her forceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared vouthful and engaging.

What

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him and that he died in a short time, wretched and in exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads, and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain.— Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things,

things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble; taught him to compassionate the distress of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent (said she) by the Gods, to those alone whom they love; for I not only train them up, by my severe discipline, to future glory, but also prepare them to receive, with a greater relish, all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probatory state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age.— Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her to the blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content.”

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the

deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease.— By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and, at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the Philosopher, “ That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing.” She admonished him to turn his eyes to many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour; and in his addresses to the Gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, and unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner: “ As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity; whom,

whom, if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having, in a short time, acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry; in quelling all disorderly passions, and informing his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honeysuckles.—Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock; and over the door was

written, in large characters, the following inscription:

" Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,

" Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.

" Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,

" What Palace can display so fair a train?"

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

ON a large heath, called Shag's Heath, about a mile and a half from Woodlands, in Horton parish, Dorsetshire, is an ash tree, under which the unfortunate Duke was apprehended.

The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that after the defeat at Sedgemoor, the Duke and Lord Lumley quitted their horses at Woodyeat's; whence the former, disguised as a peasant, wandered hither. He dropped his gold snuff box in a pea field, where it was afterwards found full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs. Uvedale, of Horton. One of the finders had fifteen pounds for half the contents or value of it. The Duke went on to the island, as it is called, a cluster of
small

small farms, in the middle of the heath, and there concealed himself in a deep ditch, under the ash.

When the pursuers came up, a woman, who lived in a neighbouring cot, gave information of his being somewhere in the island, which was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighbouring cots. As they were going away next morning, one of them espied the brown skirt of the Duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery.

The family of the woman who first gave the information, are said to have fallen into decay, and never thriven afterwards.

The Duke was carried before Anthony Ettrick, of Holt, a Justice of Peace, who ordered him to London. Being asked what he would do if set at liberty? he answered, if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again.—Farmer Kerley's grandmother, lately dead, saw him, and described him as a black, genteel, tall man, with a dejected countenance.

The close where he concealed himself is called Monmouth Close, and is the extremest N. E. field of the island. The tree stands in a hedge, on a steep bank, and is covered with initials of the names of persons who have been to see it.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.

HIS Majesty generally, after dinner, made it a rule to visit the Countess of Yarmouth.—In passing through the chambers to her apartments one evening, only preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, when one of them rolled in under a closet, where wood was generally kept for the use of the bedchamber. After the King had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea, and, judging where it went,—“Come,” says he to the page, “we must find this guinea; here, help me to throw out this wood.” The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it. “Well,” says the King, “you have wrought hard, there’s the guinea for your labour, but I would have nothing lost.”

No bad example in the high departments of State.

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Earl of St. Albans, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, in all her misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with Charles the Second, when all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value, which was just vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl personate himself. The gentleman addressed himself accordingly, enumerated his services to the Royal Family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means, (replied the Earl) and I am only sorry that, as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the Earl of St. Albans, (pointing to the King) who has constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone ungratified: but when any thing of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me see you."—The Gentleman withdrew.—The King smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the Earl.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.

THERE was at Rome, in the time of the Emperor Augustus, a poor Greek poet, who, from time to time, when the Emperor went out of his palace, presented him with a Greek epigram; and though the Emperor took it, he never gave him any thing; on the contrary, having a mind one day to ridicule him, and shake it off, as soon as he saw him coming to present him with his verses, the Emperor sent him a Greek epigram of his own composing, and writ with his own hand. The poet received it with joy; and, as he was reading it, he shewed by his face and gestures that he was mightily pleased with it. After he had read it, he pulled out his purse, and, coming up to Augustus, gave him some few pence, saying, "Take this money, Cæsar; I give it you, not according to the merit of the verses, but to my poor ability: had I more, my liberality would be greater." The whole company fell a laughing, and the Emperor more than the rest, who ordered him a hundred thousand crowns.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE of MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's, and who, not long before, had been employed by the Queen as her Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, came to Cambridge, and next morning paid a visit to the Master of his own College. The Master (whether Dr. Gower, or Dr. Jenkins, is uncertain) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a Fellow of his College to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat himself, and let the Queen's Ambassador stand. Piqued a little at that, Mat composed an extempore epigram on the reception he had met with. It was not reckoned in those days that he had a very happy turn for an epigram; but the occasion was tempting, and he struck it off as he was walking from St. John's College to the Rose, to dinner. It was addressed to the Master, and was as follows:

*I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,
 Before your elbow chair;
 But make a Bishop's throne your seat,
 I'll kneel before you there.*

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One

One only thing can keep you down,
 For your great soul too mean;
 You'd not, to mount a Bishop's throne,
 Pay *homage* to the Queen.

ON HAPPINESS.

“ ——— Alas, where shall we find,
 “ Some spot to real happiness confin'd?”

THIS pensive enquiry has not been confined to the breast of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith alone, but, in the hours of adversity and disappointment, it has been the language of all the progeny of Adam. It has often sprung from real, sometimes from imaginary infelicity; which is frequently increased, and often wholly proceeds from our making a false estimation of human happiness. We are apt to place a higher value on every blessing not in our possession, than on those we enjoy. The prospect of every distant good is embellished with charms, which lose their lustre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unusual with us to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own: we change our situations, but therein find not the happiness we expected, and yet remain unconvinced of our folly.

folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the fleeting phantoms which enfeebled Hope raises in the dis-tempered imaginations, although disappointment attends every step, and mocks every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wishes recede in proportion to our advances, or, if possessed, that they prove inadequate to our sanguine expectations.

One of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is *wealth*: it glitters at a distance, and appears replete with every requisite essential to terrestrial felicity: it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breasts of its candidates an inextinguishable ardour to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary good; and therefore, to attain it, is to exclude every want, to possess every satisfaction.

But, alas! wealth often flies the pursuer, and in the end leaves him tired, languid, and disappointed, with the fruitless chace. To some, indeed, she grants her favours with peculiar liberality, and admits them to rifle her treasury. But are these in “a spot to real happiness confined?” No, surely; they find, by unprofitable experience,

that the possession of riches falls far short of their expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that happiness they promise, or to avert those evils they are supposed capable of preventing. They are unable to limit the licentiousness of desire, to fill the grasp of avarice, to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter, or to afford that happiness which is expected from them. The possession of wealth introduces wants, not less numerous, nor less importunate, than those we complain of in a state of poverty. They are, indeed, different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek after in this imperfect state. We are very apt to conclude that those are exempt from unhappiness, on whom prosperity beams her radiance, and whose dwellings are circumfused with affluence. In the erring estimation of short-sighted mortals, their lines are "cast in pleasant places;" but a little reflection will convince us that they are "encompassed with many sorrows." View the men who have free access to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than others; they have still numerous wants, which increase with their acquisitions; and still more numerous fears, arising from their very possessions, to which those in humble stations are strangers,

strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their riches; and the more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp.—Were it possible for such to accumulate all the treasures of the earth, they would still be unsatisfied, and, like Alexander, weep because there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others, whose desires are more circumscribed, and who appear contented with their present possessions, are not less unhappy.

Men cannot essentially possess more than they enjoy; the rest, like a cypher on the left hand of a figure, is of no value, unprofitable as to any useful purpose; it is only barren splendour, which, like the glare of a comet, although it shines at a distance, yet affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it: he may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it subservient to any of the most valuable purposes of life. Such, therefore, as possess more wealth than is sufficient to furnish the reasonable wants of humanity, are generally employed in a laborious search after pleasures yet untasted, in which they hope to find unmixed happiness. There is one source of pleasure which the enjoyment of wealth opens to a rational mind, but few there are who find it. The extension of help to the helpless, of
relief

relief to misery, and of comfort to those who dwell in the regions of adversity, are employments attended with the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances overspread with the gloom of sorrow, is attended with sensations of the most refined delight, and tunes the soul to harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied, the essential end for which Heaven has dispensed it. But, alas! how few are there, amongst the great and opulent, who exercise themselves in such benevolent, such God-like actions! How few, whose minds are refined enough to relish the satisfaction arising from such praiseworthy conduct!

The generality of the rich spend their time and substance in a course of falsely estimated pleasure, which, whilst it affords a momentary gratification to some desires, creates others, more difficult to be satisfied. Every indulgence of the passions, beyond the boundaries of reason and temperance, either increases the appetite for more extensive enjoyments, or cloyes with a languid satiety:—These are effects equally destructive of true happiness. In this dilemma, the mind is perpetually tossed, like a vessel without a rudder on the boisterous ocean. It is still hurried on, by the gales of passion, in pursuit of something untried, which

is supposed more capable of conferring happiness; but this, when obtained, leaves us equally unsatisfied, and at an equal distance from the object of our wishes.

Thus men pursue, with unremitting ardour, that happiness which, for want of a better regulated judgment, constantly eludes their grasp, till, tired with reiterated disappointment, they quit the stage of life and their fruitless search together.

It would be a mark of wisdom in us to consider the numerous examples of this kind as proper objects of instruction. Viewed in this light, they may be useful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly exhibited in their conduct. Let their mistaken assiduity, and consequent failure of obtaining the grand end of life here, excite others to pursue a different plan, a plan more likely to be attended with success.

Compleat substantial happiness is not the produce of terrestrial soil. Whilst we are encompassed with the walls of flesh and human frailty, the avenues through which happiness visits the soul will not admit such a degree of it as will fill up and satisfy our intellectual capacities: but still such a portion of it is within our reach,

as will render this state of existence easy and tranquil.

The Sovereign Lord and Governor of universal nature has wisely ordained, that, amidst the highest gratification of time and sense, some alloy should be experienced. By these means we are led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect state, which, in the wise determination of his council, we are formed to inherit, when time, and all its deceptive scenes, shall terminate for ever.

The terms on which this compleat happiness is declared by eternal wisdom to be attainable, are such as, if complied with, will also tend to the increase of our present felicity. "Godliness is profitable to all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." The more we withdraw our affections from perishing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celestial objects, the more pure, refined, and acute, will be our sense of present pleasures: they will not be pursued to satiety, but will only lead the mind to the contemplation of those enjoyments which are divine, permanent, and eternal. The joys which the visible creation affords, will not then be centered in us as a substantial, lasting good,
but

but will rather be considered as the lower steps of that ladder by which we may ascend to the superior joys of a glorious immortality. By the "good things that are seen," and which we enjoy here, we shall be excited to seek after "those which are invisible," in that state where the aspirations of hope will end in certainty, and the panting bosom of desire will repose in compleat fruition.

It is undoubtedly a proof of wisdom in us to seek that happiness which is attainable in this life, agreeable to the dictates of reason and prudence. Our passions are ever calling for fresh gratifications; they are clamorous, and not easily silenced; but we know, that if they were indulged without restraint, they would soon precipitate us into ruin irretrievable: it is therefore the province of reason to regulate them, to curb the roivings of the will, and to point out the boundaries which it ought never to pass. This reason is capable of doing, and thereby of securing us from numerous inconveniences that arise from giving the reins to ungoverned passions, and free scope to a licentious imagination.

Whenever we thus restrain our wishes and actions, the effects recompence our labour; the

commotions in our breasts cease, and a calm overspreads the mind: our desires are circumscribed, and, instead of murmuring at our lot, we are convinced the blessings we receive are infinitely beyond our deserts.

This sense produces gratitude and humility in our minds, and thence spring true contentment and lasting peace. We are satisfied with those blessings which the munificent Author of our being has showered upon us, and are most solicitous to make suitable returns for his unmerited bounty. In this situation of mind the purest happiness is found; and herein we are best capable of becoming proper objects for the enjoyment of that superior felicity which awaits the wise and virtuous in the realms of immortality and eternal life.

THE FORTUNATE EXPERIMENT;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A Tale for the Ladies.

LORD FAIRFIELD, a very amiable nobleman, in the prime of life, and possessed of a large estate in the North of England, was so much struck with the beauty, and charmed with the

the conversation and carriage of a young lady, one day at York races, that he could not help making a particular enquiry after her. From the person whom he employed, (his own steward) for the gratification of his curiosity, he received the following intelligence:

“ Her name is Flowerdale, my Lord; her mother is a woman of good family, but having been reduced to narrow circumstances, by the profuseness of an extravagant husband, found it necessary to live in a very frugal way. Mrs. Flowerdale being also a woman who has a great deal of family pride, could not bear to live in or near the place in which she had figured with splendour, and therefore retired to a small house in D——w, the village which your Lordship took notice of, for the pleasantness of its situation, when you rode through it last summer. As she is an excellent œconomist, she not only contrives to live with decency, but keeps up a kind of dignity, in her retirement with her daughter, who is, indeed, by what I can find, in every shape qualified to make a valuable wife. I mention her *domestic* merit, because I am well assured that your Lordship will never bring yourself to share your title and fortune with a woman who has only her outward charms to recommend her.”

“ You say very right, Jenkins; the brightest beauty nature ever formed, would not, without *that* merit you have mentioned, make me think of entering into matrimonial connexions; and I am not yet *fashionable* enough in my principles to seduce the *innocent* amongst the fair sex, nor so regardless of my health, as to have any dealings with the *abandoned*. Miss Flowerdale has, I own, raised emotions of the tender kind in my bosom, and upon the strength of what you related concerning herself, and her family, I would pay my addressee to her immediately, were I certain of being as *personally* agreeable in *her* eyes, as she is in mine. By addressing her in my own character, I shall be apprehensive, supposing the improbability of a refusal, of her closing with my proposals, for the sake of the rank to which I invite her: I wish, therefore, to make my advances to her in such a light, that I may attribute her compliance with my wishes to a real prepossession in my favour, totally detached from all mercenary considerations. Now I have a scheme in my head, Jenkins, towards the execution of which, you must lend me your assistance.”

“ I am always ready, you know, my Lord, to obey your commands.”

“ I have

“ I have ever found you so. Your son is just come from France. *Tom* is no coxcomb; but he can play the part of a coxcomby man of fashion in a masterly manner. My design is, that *Tom* shall personate *me*, while I pass for a decayed gentleman, belonging to him,—an humble friend, an obsequious companion. I have reason to believe, from Miss Flowerdale’s looks and behaviour yesterday, that I am quite a stranger to her; and it must be my business to keep her ignorant of my rank in life, till I have made an impresson on her heart. The moment I am sure of having gained my point I shall unmask.”

Lord Fairfield having, in this manner, disclosed his scheme to Mr. Jenkins, he readily came into it, adding, that he would answer for his son’s doing his best in the part intended for him.

Miss Flowerdale was as much struck with Lord Fairfield as he had been with her: she had never seen him before; but she went home, wishing with some anxiety to see him again, so powerfully had his fine person, elegant manners, and polite conversation, (for he had an opportunity of paying a few respectful civilities to her, without being guilty of impertinence) recommended him to her attention. A widow lady, whom Mrs. Flowerdale visited

visited in the neighbourhood, had taken her and Cecilia to the course; and it was by the unruliness of one of the horses, that Lord Fairfield had the first opportunity to enter into a conversation with the latter, who was much frightened upon the occasion, and whom he greatly relieved by his assiduities.

Mrs. Flowerdale observing that her daughter was very low spirited during their ride home, asked her several times, whether she was not well; and Mrs. Hughes, the lady in whose carriage they were, joined her interrogatories; but Cecilia evaded the discovery of her feelings, by imputing her dejection to the deep impression which the fright had made on her.

In a few days afterwards, a smart young fellow, well mounted, and genteelly dressed in a laced frock, accompanied by a gentleman in plain cloaths, whom he treated like a led captain, and attended by a servant, made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale's small but comfortable habitation.

Cecilia was making up a nosegay when they approached. At the sight of the gentleman whom she had seen at the races, the flowers which she
had

had in her hands dropped to the floor: she started, and ran immediately to her mother, in an adjoining apartment, to express her surprize:—her pleasure she kept to herself.

The smart young fellow having asked if Mrs. Flowerdale was at home, and being answered in the affirmative, dismounted with agility, and entered the parlour, to which the servant conducted him, followed by his companion.

They had not been many minutes in the room before Mrs. Flowerdale came in to them.

“ I beg ten thousand pardons, madam,” said the laced gentleman, “ for making this visit with so much abruptness, as I believe I am an entire stranger to you; but I hope the occasion of it will render any apology unnecessary. Lord Fairfield would not have been so troublesome, if he had not been too much charmed with the beauty of Miss Flowerdale, to be able to remain any longer without intreating you to let him pay his addresses to her. Yes, Madam; I am desperately in love with your amiable daughter, and if you will allow me to repeat my visits as a lover, and consent to her being Lady Fairfield, you will make me the happiest man in the three kingdoms.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Flowerdale was under no small astonishment during the first part of this speech; but another passion took possession of her, as the speaker proceeded, and announced the errand on which he waited on her. According to the description which she had heard of the young Lord Fairfield, for she had never seen him, he was the man, so that she did not suspect his individuality; and she was too much flattered by the conclusion of his address, not to return a very gracious and encouraging reply.

Mrs. Flowerdale, having paid all her attention to his supposed Lordship, had overlooked his companion; but just when she was going to bid her servant call Cecilia down, she recollected the gentleman who had been so obliging to her daughter upon the *course*, and repeated her acknowledgments to him for his politeness.

When Cecilia came into the room, her cheeks were covered with blushes at the sight of *him*, who had occasioned a great disturbance in her gentle bosom, and trembled to such a degree, that she could hardly support herself.

“ Lord Fairfield, my dear,” said Mrs. Flowerdale, “ does me the honour to desire me to admit

lously. child? you looked like a downright fool; but I hope you will behave with more propriety, and find your tongue. Consider, Cecy, what a prodigious match this will be for you. Lord Fairfield is, I swear, a mighty pretty Gentleman, and seems to be extremely good-natured.

Cecilia, with the greatest earnestness imaginable, begged to be excused from seeing his Lordship again, as she could not possibly think of admitting his addresses; and being closely pressed to give her reason for standing so much in her own light, frankly owned that *Mr. Darby* had made too great an impression on her heart to be effaced.

This reply only served to exasperate her mother against her. “Why, sure, child, you are not in your senses, to prefer a Lord’s toad-eater to himself; it is easy to see, by the manner of Lord Fairfield’s behaviour to Mr. Darby, on what sort of a footing he is with him.”

The next morning, the supposed Lord Fairfield made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale’s without his companion, and exerted all his powers to make himself agreeable in Cecilia’s eyes, but in vain: he repeated his visits several days with the
like

like success. He made not the least progress as a lover.

Lord Fairfield, being at length fully convinced, from the reception which young Jenkins met with, and from many corroborating circumstances, that he stood very high in Cecilia's esteem, appeared one day at Mrs. Flowerdale's door in a superb equipage, and richly dressed. His arrival in that style soon produced a discovery; which, though totally unexpected, was altogether pleasing. In a short time afterwards Cecilia became Lady Fairfield, and acquitted herself so well in the sphere of life to which she was raised, that she added a lustre to her coronet, and enjoyed all the felicity with the most indulgent of husbands, which she truly deserved.

ANECDOTE

OF MRS. PRITCHARD AND A FIDDLER.

THE celebrated actress Mrs. Pritchard, having retired with her family, during the summer, into a country village, took a fancy to see a play acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the best and most conspicuous seats in the little theatre. The scenes were made of paste-board,

board, and the clothes such as the Manager could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was filled with one single crowdero. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best.—Mrs. Pritchard, instead of taking up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly at the business of the scene, that the country audience were offended. Somebody present happened to know the great actress, and the fiddler asking her name, was told that she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the Theatre-Royal, in London.—“I will give her a hint presently,” (said Crowdero), and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar’s Opera:

“Through all the employments of life,

“Each neighbour abuses his brother, &c.”

“Come, let’s be gone, (said Mrs. Pritchard) we are discovered; that fiddler is clever;” and as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped Crowdero a curtesy, and thanked him for his admonition.

TRUE MEEKNESS.

ME EKNESS, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. She who hears innocence

cence maligned, without vindicating it; falsehood asserted, without contradicting it; or religion prophaned, without resenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

Meekness is imperfect if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentment of others. If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a profitable account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like the spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking.

True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchemy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances: "It will suck

suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smooths every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress. Honours and dignities are transient; beauty and riches frail and fugacious; but this amiable virtue is permanent. And surely the truly wise would wish to have some one possession which they may call their own in the severest exigencies. This can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

THE TOILET LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is my earnest wish to make a strong impression on the minds of my fair readers, because men have always found the influence of their conduct great and irresistible.

Frail daughter of Eve! that vice which renders the most beautiful among you disgusting, which debases the most exalted, is

GAMING.

It is this vice that poisons your minds, and makes you forget all the amiable obligations of wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend.

It is this vice obliterates the gratitude you owe the Deity.

It is this vice destroys your taste for intellectual elegance.

This vice is the source of continual unhappiness.

Read the following example:



THE STORY OF MISS BRADDOCK.

Miss Frances Braddock was the admiration of every polite circle.—Her person was elegant, her face beautiful, and her mind accomplished.

She unhappily spent a season at Bath. The whole *beau monde* courted her acquaintance.—She gave the *ton* not only to the fashion but to the sentiments of every assembly. Her taste was admirable, her wit was brilliant.

Her father, at his death, bequeathed twelve thousand pounds between her and her sister, besides
a con-

a considerable sum to her brother, the late General Braddock, who was cut off with a whole party, on an American expedition against the Cherokee Indians.

Four years after the death of her father, she lost her sister, by which her fortune was doubled.—but alas! in the course of a month, by a constant application to cards, she lost the whole.

She fell under the infatuation of her own opinion—She conceived that *judgment* was sufficient, being totally ignorant of *unfair practice*.

Her misfortune preyed upon her mind, nor did she communicate the cause even to her most confidential friends for a considerable time, till at last her mind being unequal to struggle with accumulating adversity, she declared to an intimate female, that the world should never be sensible of her necessities, however extreme they might be.

Notwithstanding her caution, her poverty became known, and her sensibility was daily injured by the real and fictitious condolence of her acquaintance, which stimulated her to the rash resolve of terminating her anxiety, by putting an end to her existence.

On

On the night of perpetrating the act of suicide, she retired to her chamber in apparent good health, and in full possession of her senses.—Her attendants left her in bed with a candle lighted, as was usual, and having locked the door, put the key under it.

Miss Braddock always opened her chamber door in the morning to admit her attendants, but the next morning the maid coming as usual, and not hearing her mistress stir, retired till near two o'clock in the afternoon, when being alarmed at receiving no answer to her calling, she employed a man to climb in at the window, when the horrid catastrophe of her mistress was discovered; and the following facts appeared in the evidence upon the view of the Coroner's inquest.

After the departure of the maid on this night, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading, as a book was discovered lying open upon her dressing-table. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and silver girdle together, and hanged herself on a closet door in the following manner:—at one end of the girdle she tied three knots, each about an inch asunder, that if one slipped, another might hold; opening the

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door,

door, she put the knotty end over, and then locked it, to secure the girdle, at the other end of which she made a noose, put it about her neck, and dropping herself off a chair, accomplished her fatal purpose. She hung with her back to the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands. She bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead, supposed to have been occasioned by the breaking of a red girdle, on which she had tried the first experiment, and which was afterwards found in her pocket, with a noose upon it. The Coroner's inquest being called, they returned their verdict *non compos mentis*. On the day after she was decently buried in the abbey church, by the side of her brave old father, who happily did not live to weep over the misfortunes of his children.

In her window were found written the following lines:

O Death! thou pleasing end to human woe!
 Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
 Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Thus, by an act of *self-murder*, or of *madness*, a young lady, in the 23d year of her age, in the full possession

possession of personal charms, sensibility, and virtue, lost her life, by an unhappy infatuation to a fashionable vice.

O cards! ye vain diverters of our woe!
 Ye waste of life! ye greatest curse below!
 May beauty never fall again your slave,
 Nor your delusion thus destroy the brave.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN his last illness, the King endured many restless nights: it was his custom to converse with the servant who sat up with him, by way of entertainment. He said, one night, "I cannot enjoy the least repose—do relate something to me."—The poor servant, an honest young Pomeranian, was doubtless at a loss how to amuse the King, wherefore he kindly furnished him with a subject, by asking, "From whence do you come?"—"From a little village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning." "How much does she gain daily by it?"

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"Sixpence."

“ Sixpence.” “ But she cannot live well on that?”
 “ In Pomerania it is cheap living.” “ Did you
 never send her any thing?” “ O yes! I have
 sent her at different times a few dollars.” “ That
 was bravely done, you are a good boy. You
 have a deal of trouble with me—have patience—
 I shall endeavour to lay something by for you, if
 you behave well.” Thus the conversation ended.
 A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian’s
 turn to sit up with the King, he called him to his
 bed-side, and said, “ Look in that window, and
 you will find something which I have laid by for
 you.” The lad seeing many pieces of gold, was
 doubtful whether to take them all: at last he went
 to the King, with two in his hand, and said, “ Am
 I to have these?” “ Yes,” replied the good mo-
 narch, “ all of them, and your mother has re-
 ceived some likewise.” The boy on enquiry
 heard, to his great joy and surprize, she had 100
 rix dollars settled on her for life.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN,
WITH REGARD TO THE GENERAL LAWS
OF THE UNIVERSE,

A Reason why he should be contented with his present State.

SAY first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know!
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

Presumptuous

Prefumptuous man! the reason would'ft thou find,
 Why form'd fo weak, fo little, and fo blind?
 Firft, if thou can'ft, the harder reason guefs,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no lefs?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and ftronger than the weeds they fhade?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's fatellites are lefs than Jove?

Of fystems poffible, if 'tis confeft
 That wifdom infinite muft form the beft,
 Where all muft full or not coherent be,
 And all that riles, rife in due degree;
 Then, in the fcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There muft be, fomewhere, fuch a rank as man:
 And all the queftion (wrangle e'er fo long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Reftoning man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, muft be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thoufand movements fcarce one purpofe gain:
 In God's, one fingle can its end produce;
 Yet ferves to fecond too fome other ufe.
 So man, who here feems principal alone,
 Perhaps afts fecond to fome fphere unknown,
 Touches fome wheel, or verges to fome goal;
 'Tis but a part we fee, and not a whole.

When

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', beings', use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd by his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

THE ANGEL AND THE HERMIT.

A Certain person had embraced the life of a
hermit from his earliest years. It often
happens that alone, in a wood, one may enjoy
more happiness than in the society of a convent,
or even than in that of the wide world. This her-
mit, for a long course of years, had mortified
himself

himself and fasted, to purify his soul. Watching and labour, heat and cold, all extremes were grown familiar to him; but after so long a penitence, he began at last to think that he had not been sufficiently recompensed by God, and to murmur that he had not been raised to one of those enviable conditions to which he was often a witness when gathering his food. "What!" said he, "does the Almighty load with blessings such persons as neglect him, and leave another that serves him faithfully in wretchedness and want? Why did he not create the world an equal benefit to all mankind? why so unequal a partition of good and evil? so strange a distribution confounds me!

As the good man, in the course of his reclusive life, had acquired but little experience, this consideration gave him much embarrassment. He was indeed so much puzzled by it, that he resolved at last to visit the world, and to seek for a solution of his doubts. He accordingly took a staff and set forward on his journey.

He had proceeded but a little way from his cell, when he was met by a young man, of a very agreeable mien and well-proportioned figure, holding a javelin in his hand. His dress was that of a serjeant at arms, and he seemed to belong to
the

the train of some rich Lord. It was an Angel, who had concealed himself in that disguise, in order to pass undiscovered. They saluted each other, and entered into conversation. "Who is your master," said the Hermit? "Sir, it is he who is Master of the whole world." "For a certainty, you could not have a better. And where are you going thus equipped?" "I have in this quarter a great variety of acquaintance, and I am going to visit them. But it is disagreeable to travel alone, and I wish to have some person to accompany me. You will confer a lasting obligation on me, if you will do me that favour." The hermit, whose project would be greatly facilitated by such visits, readily agreed to the proposal; and they proceeded together.

The night overtook them, before they could get clear of the wood.—Fortunately they descried a hermitage, whither they went to beg a lodging. The hermit gave them as good a reception as his hut could afford; he spread great plenty of his frugal fare before them; but when they came to say grace, the travellers remarked, that instead of praying like them, the hermit was busy in wiping and rubbing a cup made of curious wood, which he kept by him, and drank out of during the repast.

The angel observed where he laid it up; and rising softly in the night, took and hid it: and the next morning, on setting off, without saying a word, carried it along with him. On the road he mentioned the circumstance to his companion, who was quite indignant at his behaviour, and wanted to go back and return the cup to the hermit. "Hold," said the angel; "I have my reasons for acting in this manner; and you shall in due time be made acquainted with them. Perhaps you may have further motives hereafter for wondering at my conduct; but know that whatever you see me do, it is not without sufficient cause, and remember that you be not scandalized at it." The hermit on this reproof was silent: he bowed and pursued his journey.

A prodigious fall of rain, which continued the whole day, wet them entirely through their cloaths, they not being able to obtain any shelter. Night being come, fatigued and half dead with cold, they entered a town; and as neither of them had money, they were obliged to go from house to house, asking in the name of God for an asylum. Every where they met with a refusal, for as we observe people in general love money still better than they do God, the case was much the same at that time. The rain still pouring down, they
thought

thought it best to go and take their seat upon the ground, under a flight of stone steps.

These steps formed part of a tolerably handsome house belonging to an old usurer, a very rich man, but one who would not part with a farthing to get his father into Paradise. The avaricious landlord shewed his head for a moment at the window; when our travellers representing to him the sad condition they were in, supplicated him through charity to grant them a place to lie in. He made them no answer; but shut the window and retired.

“ Brother,” said the Angel, “ let us remain here, since we can procure no better accommodation; this pent-house will at least protect us from the rain.” But a female servant, who overheard their complaints, and came to examine the cause, admitted them into the house. She gave them a little straw, and they lay down upon it under the staircase. A few minutes afterwards, she brought them a small dish of pease, the remains of the miser’s supper; and in this manner they passed the night, without fire, without light, and almost perishing with cold and moisture.

On the dawn of day, the hermit wanted to depart." "No," said the angel; "I will not go away, till I have taken leave of my host, and thanked him for his hospitality." He went immediately to find him, and, as a mark of his gratitude, begged his acceptance of a small present; which was no other than the cup which he had stolen the day before from the hermit. The usurer did not hesitate to accept it. He wished them a good journey, and assured them that if, on their return, they brought him some other trifling boon, they should be provided with the same lodging.

When they were clear of the town, the hermit could not help declaring his astonishment to his companion: "You want to put me to the proof, I imagine," said he, "when you behave in this strange manner! you steal from that good old man who entertained us so hospitably, merely to give to that blood-sucker who denied us shelter.—Is it your maxim to act in opposition to the practice of other men?"—"I have already warned you to be circumspect in your conclusions," answered the angel; "consider you have passed all your life in woods, and that you have had no experience of the world. Once more I desire you to follow me, and be surprized at nothing."

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The third night they went to take up their lodging in a rich monastery. They were received charitably, and served with abundance; but the next morning, the angel, before his departure, set fire to the straw of his bed, and took off his companion along with him. As they were ascending a hill, at some distance, he desired the hermit to turn his head and look behind them. By this time the flames had reached the battlements of the monastery; all was on fire. The hermit, at the sight, threw out a loud cry, "Wretch that I am! behold me now an incendiary; whither shall I fly? where hide myself?" In saying which he rolled himself upon the earth, struck his breast, and cursed the hour when he fell in with a man so abominable. "It is in vain that I warn you," said the angel; "you again relapse into your former error: but for the last time I caution you to be attentive and follow me peaceably."

He was at no loss for a lodging that night, but took up his abode, with the hermit, at the house of a reputable tradesman. This was a respectable old man, grown grey with years; he lived in a pious manner with his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and a child of ten years, the only product of his marriage, and the consolation of his age.—He prepared an entertainment for his guests, himself

self washed their feet, insisted on their eating with him at table; and the next day, at parting, embraced them, and bade them a kind adieu.

To gain the high road it was necessary for them to pass through the whole town, and to cross a river by which it was bounded on one side.—The Angel pretending that he was not well acquainted with the streets, prevailed on the good man to permit his son to accompany them as far as the bridge, and put them in the right road. The zealous host went immediately and awakened the boy; who got up with alacrity to attend the two travellers. But when they came upon the bridge, and the boy was taking leave of them, the Angel, giving him a sudden push, plunged the youth headlong into the river, where he was swallowed up and disappeared. “I am satisfied with what I have done; are you also contented?” said he to the hermit. This last, at hearing his words, seized with dismay and terror, began to run with all his might, and never stopped till he had got a considerable way into the country. There he sat down to fetch breath, and to lament his fate.—What have I been doing? unhappy, miserable mortal! I abandoned my cell, where I might have served God all my life in peace; and he has, as a punishment for my folly, delivered me over
to

to a dæmon, and made me an accomplice of his hellish crimes!"

He was about to proceed in his lamentation, when the Angel, who had followed him to set him right, instantly appeared, and addressed him as follows: " Friend, listen to me. The mysterious plans of the Almighty on earth gave you offence in your cell. You dared to call in question his wisdom, and to prepare yourself to consult earthly beings, and to endeavour founding the impenetrable abyss of his councils. You had perished that moment, if his justice had given you up.— But he was disposed to employ an angel to enlighten you; and it is I who have been charged with that duty. In vain have I endeavoured to shew you that world which you sought without knowing it: my lessons have not been understood; and I must explain myself more clearly."

He then entered into the particulars of his conduct, and the explanation of his motives for acting in the manner he had done. He spoke of the puerile attachment of the hermit for his cup. " You saw," said he, " that vile object occupy his heart, and make him forget the holy obligation of prayer. Henceforward, now that he is deprived of it, his mind, free from all other affec-
tions,

tions, may be entirely devoted to God. I gave the usurer the cup, as a return for the reception he was obliged to give us at his house; because God leaves no good action unrewarded; but it is the only recompence that man will receive: his avarice will one day be punished. The Monks, whose convent I reduced to ashes, were at first poor and laborious, and consequently led an exemplary life. Enriched by the indiscreet liberalities of believers, they have been corrupted; for it is a misfortune in Monks to be rich. In that place which they had erected for their abode, their whole time was occupied in schemes for extending their possessions, or in intrigues to supplant each other in the offices of the monastery. If they appeared in their hall, it was only to hear tales, or to pass their time in trifling amusements. Institutions, rules, church regulations, duties, all were neglected. God, to correct them, thought proper to reduce them to their former poverty. They will rebuild a monastery that will be less magnificent; this work will afford subsistence to many labourers and poor artists; and they themselves, being obliged, as in their first state, to cultivate the earth, will become possessed of more humility and goodness."

" You

“ You force my approbation of your conduct,” answered the hermit; “ but why did you destroy that innocent child, who seemed so eager to render us a service? why deprive of its only comfort the old age of that respectable man, whose benevolence we experienced?” “ That old man, by whom we were received only because I took the shape of one whom he knew, had for thirty years been employed in acts of charity. Never did the poor present themselves in vain at his door; he even stinted himself to supply them. But since he has had a son, and particularly since that son has begun to grow up, his blind fondness urging him to amass a large patrimony for the youth to inherit, he has become austere and avaricious.—Day and night his thoughts have been engaged on profit; and soon he would have laid aside all sense of shame, and turned usurer. The child, dying in innocence, has been received in heaven; the father having no longer any motive for avarice, will recur to his old praiseworthy maxims; both will be saved; and without what you called an atrocious crime both of them had perished. Such are the secret designs of God, since you wish to know them. But remember that you called them in question; repair to your cell and repent. For my part, I must return to heaven,

In saying these last words, the Angel threw off his earthly disguise, and disappeared. The hermit, prostrating his face upon the earth, thanked the Almighty for his paternal reprimand. He then returned to his hermitage; where he passed the remainder of his days in so much sanctity, that he merited not only forgiveness of his error, but also the recompence promised to a virtuous life.

ODE TO REFLECTION.

'T WAS when Nature's darling child,
 Flora, fann'd by zephyrs mild,
 The gorgeous canopy outspread
 O'er the sun's declining head,
 Winding from the buz of day,
 Thus a bard attun'd his lay:
 Noblest gifts to mortals given,
 Bright reflection! child of Heav'n,
 Goddess of the speaking eye,
 Glancing thro' eternity,
 Rob'd in intellectual light,
 Come, with all thy charms bedight:
 Tho' nor fame nor splendid worth
 Mark thy humble vot'ry's birth,
 Snatch'd by thee from cank'ring care,
 I defy the fiend Despair;

All

All the joys that Bacchus loves,
 All inglorious pleasure proves;
 All the fleeting modish toys
 Buoy'd by Folly's frantic noise,
 All, except the sacred lore,
 Flowing from thy boundless store!
 For when thy bright form appears,
 Even wild Confusion hears;
 Chaos glows, impervious Night
 Shrinks from thy all-piercing sight.
 Yet! alas! what vain extremes
 Mortals prove in Error's schemes,
 Sunk profound in torpor's trance,
 Or with levity they dance;
 Or in murmurs deep, the soul
 Thinks it's bliss beyond the pole,
 Bounding swift o'er time and place,
 Vacant still thro' boundless space,
 Leaving happiness at home;
 Thus the mental vagrants roam.
 But when thou, with sober mien,
 Deign'st to bless this wayward scene,
 Like Aurora shining clear,
 O'er th' ideal hemisphere;
 Who but hears a soothing strain
 Warbling "Heav'n's ways are plain?"
 Who but hears the charmer say,
 "These obscure the living ray?"

Self-love, the foulest imp of night,
 That ever stain'd the virgin light;
 Coward wretch, who shuns to share,
 Or soothe the woes which others bear;
 Envy, with an eagle's eye,
 Scandal's tales that never die;
 Int'rest vile with countless tongues,
 Trembling for ideal wrongs;
 Flatt'ry base, with supple knee,
 Cringing low servility;
 Prejudice, with eyes askew,
 Still suspecting aught that's new;
 Would but men from these refrain,
 Eden's bowers would bloom again;
 Doubts in embryo melt away,
 Truth's eternal sun-beams play.

WHAT HAVE YE DONE?

WHEN the Philosophers of the last age were
 first congregated into the Royal Society,
 great expectations were raised of the sudden pro-
 gress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be
 near when engines should turn by a perpetual
 motion, and health be secured by the universal
 medicine; when learning should be facilitated by
 a real character, and commerce extended by ships
 which

which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But improvement is naturally slow. The Society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not ploughed brought no harvest, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At last, those who were disappointed began to be angry; those likewise who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears, from some of their earliest apologies, that the Philosophers felt, with great sensibility, the unwelcome importunities of those who were daily asking "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been suffered to promise; and the question could only be answered by general apologies, and by new hopes, which, when they were frustrated, gave a new occasion to the same vexatious enquiry.

This fatal question has disturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his

his life too strictly enquires what he has done, can very seldom receive from his own heart such an account as will give him satisfaction.

We do not indeed so often disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise; and when our days and years are passed away in common business or common amusements, and we find at last that we have suffered our purposes to sleep till the time of action is past, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial: they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpose he came into the world; he will repine that he shall
leave

leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the system of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.

From this mistaken notion of human greatness it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wisdom so loudly declare that they despise themselves. If I had ever found any of the self-contemners much irritated or pained by the consciousness of their meanness, I should have given them consolation by observing, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who, with respect to the multitudes about him, is himself little more than nothing. Every man is obliged, by the supreme Master of the Universe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small, and his opportunities

portunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature; he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with respect to mortals like himself, may demand, like Augustus, to be dismissed at his departure with applause.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Field-Marshal Fretag was taken prisoner at Rexpoede, the French Hussar who seized him, perceiving that he had a valuable watch, said, "Give me your watch:" The Marshal instantly complied with the demand of his captor. A short time after, when he was liberated by General Walmoden, and the French Hussar had become a prisoner in his turn, the latter, with great unconcern, pulled the Marshal's watch out of his pocket, and presenting it to him, said, "Since fate has turned against me, take back this watch, it belonged to you, and it would not be so well to let others strip me of it."

Marshal Fretag, admiring this principled conduct of the *Sans Culotte*, who did not know him,
took

took back the watch, and immediately after presented it to the Frenchman, saying, "Keep the watch; it shall not be mine, for I have been your prisoner."

To the NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c.

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF

WANT and MISERY.

WHILE thro' the drear of frost and snow,
 Shiv'ring and starving now we go,
 O cast a tender eye!
 For this good end your wealth was giv'n;
 You are the delegates of Heav'n,
 To stop the heart-felt sigh!

While cloth'd in fur you stand elate,
 You cannot feel our wretched state,
 You cannot form our woe;
 Yet must each sympathetic breast,
 When once it hears how we're distress'd,
 And how forlorn we go,

When cold and hunger both prevail,
 And both with equal force assail
 To wound a mortal frame,

K

Bring

Bring to each mind a horrid view,
 A scene as horrid as 'tis true,
 And almost wants a name.

The parent hears his offspring cry,
 The children watch the parent's eye,
 And catch the falling tear;
 They echo back each dismal groan,
 'Till soon one universal moan
 And sorrow rends the air.

Tho' worthless objects may be found,
 Who justly feel the piercing wound,
 Yet be their faults their own;
 Leave them to Heav'n while you dispense
 Those blessings you've receiv'd from thence,
 And gain th' immortal crown.

How many pray'rs you'll then obtain!
 How many blessings not in vain,
 Unworthily bestow'd!
 From morn to night, from night to day,
 Poor Want and Misery will pray,
 To bless the great and good.

SPIRITUAL FELICITY.

WITH regard to Spiritual Felicity, we are not confined to humble views.—Clear and determinate objects are proposed to our pursuits, and full scope is given to our most ardent desires. The forgiveness of our sins, and God's holy grace to guide our life; the protection and favour of the great Father of all, of the blessed Redeemer of mankind, and of the spirit of sanctification and comfort; these are objects in the pursuit of which there is no room for hesitation and distrust.

Had Providence spread an equal obscurity over happiness of every kind, we might have had some reason to complain of the vanity of our condition. But we are not left to so hard a fate. The Son of God hath removed that veil which covered true bliss from the search of wandering mortals, and hath taught them the way which leads to eternal life.

AN ESSAY
ON THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

HAIL sacred pages! Oracles divine,
Here law und gospel in coalition join,
To teach the world of nature (this short plan),
Man's duty to his God, God's love to man.
Moses, the prophet, was of old inspir'd,
To write the law as God the Lord requir'd;
To be observ'd by all the Jewish train;
Bulls, rams, and goats, were on their altars slain;
Kids, lambs, and heifers, thus resign'd their breath,
And shew'd by faith, Messiah's wond'rous death.
By faith the patr'archs gain'd their blest abode,
(With saints and angels they enjoy'd their God;)
Trusting in the Redeemer yet to come,
T' appear in flesh from the blest virgin's womb;
To save rebellious man from wrath below,
And crowns immortal on their heads bestow.
Hark!—Hark! what joy serene accosts my ear?
The night's far spent, I think the dawn appear;
Peep out my soul of thy bewilder'd state,
And catch the heav'n-born news ere it grows late.
Spring from my breast in raptures! oh the thought!
Behold good tidings of great joy is brought;
Which

Which shall be to all people their reward,
 A Saviour's born, no less than Christ the Lord.
 The glorious heav'nly host, on rapid wing,
 Sang praises to the God of Israel's King,
 Who dwells on high; peace ever be on earth,
 Good-will to men summ'd up their godly mirth.
 Then swift as thought fled to the realms above,
 With tidings of salvation, peace and love.
 Thus good old Simeon did the child embrace,
 Now let thy servant, Lord, depart in peace;
 My lifted eyes hath thy salvation seen,
 A light prepar'd to light the Gentiles in.
 With heavenly raptures! lo, his soul was fill'd,
 And to Death's cold embraces then did yield.
 Jesus in wisdom daily did increase,
 Esteem'd by God and man, great Prince of Peace;
 His precepts far excell'd all human thought,
 Which he affirm'd by th' miracles he wrought,
 Casting out devils; by his pow'rful might,
 He rais'd the dead, restor'd the blind to sight.
 Whilst impious Jews, who, with malignant strife,
 Disown'd their King, enrag'd, they fought his life.
 Christ in the agonizing garden pray'd,
 To have this bitter cup remov'd; then said,
 O Father, not my will, but thine be done,
 Whilst drops of blood from his blest cheeks did run.
 While thus he spake, a multitude appear'd,
 With swords and staves these caitiffs were prepar'd;
Then

Then perjur'd Judas in their front drew nigh,
 And with a kiss betray'd his Lord most high.
 Into the hands of finners, lo, he's hurl'd,
 As if the greatest sinner in the world;
 Beat and insulted by this rabble crowd,
 Accus'd with blasphemy, and mock'd aloud;
 Dress'd in a purple robe which Herod found,
 With thorns his glorious sacred head was crown'd.
 When at the bar of men Christ was arraign'd,
 Their witness prov'd absurd, and counsel feign'd;
 Thrice Pilate did his innocence declare,
 In this just man no fault at all appear.
 Whilst Jews like Dæmons vent their cruel rage,
 Cry'd out for blood, their brutish thirst t' assuage.
 Pilate, through fear a tumult would arise,
 Join'd with these miscreants, and receiv'd their lies;
 A murd'ring robber by him was set free,
 That Christ might die on the accursed tree.
 (View, O my soul! thy Saviour thus abus'd,
 Make no reply, tho' impiously accus'd!
 He's lowly, meek, and calm on ev'ry side,
 Learn thou from hence to mortify thy pride.)
 Behold him on the cross resign his breath,
 And bow his glorious sacred head to death.
 Stupendous condescension! love and grace,
 That God the Son did thus himself abase;
 He left his Father's bosom to assume
 Our mortal rags, and suffer'd in our room;

He

He shed his precious blood to satisfy
 His Father's justice, and bring sinners nigh
 To God the Father; in, and through the Son,
 We're justified by faith in him alone.
 Within the silent tomb awhile he lay,
 Conceal'd by death, 'till the third glorious day;
 On which he rose triumphant from below,
 Wreath'd with a crown immortal on his brow.
 He burst the bonds of death, the grave, and hell;
 Beneath his pow'r their mightiest efforts fell.
 The mighty Conqu'ror up the ætherial sky
 Ascended, to the blissful realms on high;
 Upon a throne of grace, at God's right hand,
 He ever lives; there pleads for sinful man,
 Till the dissolving heav'ns with fire abound,
 And clashing elements their noise resound;
 The sun be darken'd, and the earth be burn'd,
 The moon to blood oblit'rately be turn'd;
 He'll then descend from Heav'n in glorious state,
 And summons all t'appear, both small and great.
 Their scatter'd dust, which hath for ages lain,
 Shall then be join'd and rais'd to life again,
 To hear their final everlasting doom,
 From him who knows all things past, present, and
 to come.

Happy! thrice happy they who serv'd the Lord,
 But sinners will receive their just reward.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson had an audience of the King, by appointment, in the Queen's library, in the course of conversation his Majesty asked him, " why he did not continue writing?" " Why, Sire," says Johnson, " I thought I had written enough!" " So should I have thought too, Doctor," replied the King, " if you had not written so well."

A PRAYER

OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

OTHOU eternal, incomprehensible Being, who art the fountain of mercy, and the source of love; thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels: the seed of virtue is sown even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee, I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinions does not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please?—
Shall

Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword? O Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbour in my breast! I will try to be like Thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection; I will be as indulgent as Thou to all men whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsions in point of conscience shall be banished for ever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue, and to detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, Thou Eternal Being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in the judgment deserve expulsion from society? and is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a proper sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects for ever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt; and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers: But may thy almighty power never forsake me! O Thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolu-

tions with thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle; and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. *Amen.*

AN ANECDOTE

RELATING EDUCATION IN THE DAYS OF
ALFRED AND CHARLEMAGNE.

BOTH Alfred and Charlemagne provided masters for their sons, as soon as ever their tender age would allow it; and had them carefully trained up in the equal discipline of arms and hunting, and while these were the principal objects of their active life, Charlemagne was never taught to write, nor Alfred to read till he was thirty-eight, and the former continued unable to write as long as he lived.

The FOLLY of FREE-THINKING:

AN ANECDOTE.

THE late Mr. Mallet was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions
whenever

whenever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say, 'Sir, we Deists.' The lecture upon the non-credence of the Freethinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends.—At first the man was sullen, and would answer no questions; but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, "Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well; but you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?" 'Sir,' said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, 'what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?'

ANECDOTE OF BOYCE.

WHEN Boyce, author of some very elegant verses, was almost perishing with hunger, being relieved by Dr. Johnson, who gave him a guinea to buy a piece of beef, and procure other necessaries, he could not eat it without ketchup, and laid out the last half guinea he possessed in truffles and mushrooms, eating them in bed too, for want of cloaths, or even a shirt to sit up in.

Singular and laughable Instance of
IGNORANCE.

DOCTOR Johnson, whilst he was a teacher of youth, had two very good classick scholars, yet, it was thought necessary that something more familiar should be known, and he bid them read the History of England. After a few months had elapsed, he asked them, “if they could recollect who first destroyed the monasteries in our island? One modestly replied, that he did not know; the other said, Jesus Christ.

A HYMN to the MORNING.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! Aurora rise,
 Thy cheering course to run,
 With lustre crimson o'er the skies,
 And usher in the sun.

Thy balmy breath's refreshing pow'r
 Shall soon revive the plain;
 Awake the sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
 And gladden ev'ry strain.

The virgin, yet untaught to sigh,
 Shall lightly tread the vale;
 And raise with joy the tearless eye,
 To bid thy presence hail.

Come, modest maid, with blushes speak,
 In all thy roses drest;
 Diffusing health to ev'ry cheek,
 And peace on ev'ry breast.

Come, Morning! come, which heav'n design'd
 Its choicest gifts to bear;
 And kindly teach the human mind
 To worship and revere.

In wonder wrapt let nature stand,
 To think how much she owes;
 And learn to praise the gracious hand,
 From whence the blessing flows.

An ESSAY on LIGHT.

WHEN God had spoken into being that illustrious globe of light, the Sun, every dark orb in the new-created system was so illuminated, as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vast variety of entertaining wonders, with which the creation was to be replenished.

Light, indeed, according to the Mosaic account, existed antecedent to the creation of the sun, and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate succession of day and night.—God himself enlightened it, his spirit moved upon the surface of the chaotic mass, and divided the light from the darkness.

When these divine beams were suspended, the same almighty power was pleased to supply their want by fixing the sun in the mighty void to give light upon the earth; whereas, if the world had been left in its original state, our very eyes would
 have

have been but a useless ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the solar rays stream swiftly from their blazing fountain, and, by a regular and constant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is so swift, and their quantity of matter so minute, that when they come within the sphere, they are out of the force of the earth's attraction; otherwise they would actually move about her with a compound motion, and make a perpetual sunshine.

Many of these rambling effluvia, in their passage from the sun, unavoidably miss our world, travel on from system to system, and lose themselves in the pathless regions of empty space; but here they never stream in vain; like so many ready obsequious servants, they visit every object, fly to us unasked, and pleasantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

MR. Morlan, first physician to the Dukes of Burgundy, going one day to the Prince's with a sword, was jocular upon his adjustment, and said, " Monseigneur, do not you think I resemble

resemble Captain Spezzaferro of the Italian comedy?" "It is impossible to resemble him less," answered the Prince; "Spezzaferro never killed any body."

ANECDOTE.

WHEN George the Second proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raised; and the Duke of N——, in particular, begged his Majesty to consider, that the man was actually mad. "If he be mad, so much the better," replied the King, "as in that case, I hope to God he'll bite some of my Generals."

The following melancholy Accident shews that a TYGER is not always deterred from approaching FIRE.

A Small vessel from Ganjam to Calcutta, being longer on her passage than was expected, ran out of provisions and water: Being near the Sugar Island, the Europeans, six in number, went on shore in search of refreshments, there being
some

some cocoa-nuts on the island, in quest of which they strayed a considerable way inland. Night coming on, and the vessel being at a distance, it was thought more safe to take up their night's lodging in the ruins of an old pagoda, than to return to the vessel. A large fire was lighted, and an agreement made, that two of the number should keep watch by turns, to alarm the rest in case of danger, which they had reason to apprehend from the wild appearance of the place. It happened to fall to the lot of one Dawson, late a silversmith and engraver in Calcutta, to be one of the watch. In the night, a tyger darted over the fire, upon this unfortunate young man, and in springing off with him, struck its head against the side of the pagoda, which made it and its prey rebound upon the fire, on which they rolled one over another once or twice before he was carried off. In the morning, the thigh-bones and legs of the unfortunate victim were found at some distance, the former stript of its flesh, and the latter shockingly mangled.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

KING Frederick William the First ordered our hero once to sit before the court painter, Huber, in order to have his likeness, with the rest of the family, which were designed for a present. However unwilling the Prince was obliged to obey his father's commands. He therefore went to Huber, sat down, took his flute from his pocket, played a tune, and got up, saying, "Tell my father I have been sitting," and went away. He seemed to have a dislike against Huber; for some years after his accession to the throne, the conversation turning on painters, Huber's name was mentioned: "I do not know him," said the King; "perhaps he may have painted a gateway after the life."

ANECDOTE OF AN INNKEEPER

IN A VILLAGE NEAR NORFOLK.

A Well-known Miser, from London, riding through the village, asked the Innkeeper, who was standing at his door, if he could give him
some

some tea, adding, I suppose since the commutation act, instead of paying eight-pence, you can give one plenty of bread, butter, and tea, for six-pence. The host took the traveller by the hand, and led him into a room, where all the windows were walled up; "Are you willing," said he, "to pay for the candles?"

The Impiety of murmuring against Providence; Instability of Human Happiness; Heart-breaking Discovery; Our Duty to submit to Providence; and the good Effects of Industry.

THE murmurs of mankind against the decrees of Omnipotence, are as unjust as they are impious. Resignation to the will of his Creator is the duty of every human being, who, by presuming to censure the unequal distribution of good and evil in this world, discover a weak head, or a depraved heart; sometimes both.

Short-sighted as we are, how childish are our complaints, how absurd are our repinings! repinings and complaints into which we surely should never fall, did we seriously reflect on the infinite

and amazing vicissitudes of human affairs, did we consider that the severest afflictions, according to our hasty apprehensions, are often eventually the most substantial blessings.

Against the decrees of Omnipotence I once murmured myself. The unequal distribution of good and evil in this world, I once censured.—I repined at the sight of beings in a more prosperous situation, and complained of my own hard fate in the bitterest terms. I am now in another, in a better frame of mind, and sincerely hope that many of my discontented fellow-creatures may be rendered otherwise by reading the following narrative, written with the pen of experience.

I was born to the inheritance of a small paternal estate, the income arising from which would, in this age of luxury and dissipation, be reckoned a trifling one. Little, however, as it was, I could not hope to see it increased, as I was not, being an only and a fondled child, with a tender constitution, bred up to any business, though I received a very good education.

Having lost my father and mother as soon as my education was finished, I could not help thinking that what had served us all three, would, undoubtedly,

edly, be sufficient for *me* alone; especially as I looked upon my orphan situation in a desponding light, and had no desire to live in an expensive manner.

So violent was my grief, so deep was my affliction, on being deprived of my parents, that I gave myself up to despair, and accused Heaven of cruelty for snatching them away from me, instead of being thankful for having enjoyed them so long. Time, however, and the tenderness with which the gentleman whom my father had appointed to be my guardian, treated me, alleviated my sorrow. My friendship too for that Gentleman's son, who was remarkably formed to please, who was as amiable in my eyes, as he was agreeable, and who professed the sincerest esteem for me, not a little contributed to its alleviation.

The happiness which I enjoyed with my young friend was excessive, and I thought that nothing could make any addition to it: but while I was pluming myself on my peculiar felicity, and depending upon its continuance, I was extremely disappointed; for the much esteemed companion of my heart was obliged to make a voyage to Lisbon, his father's affairs rendering his presence at that place absolutely necessary.

During

During his absence, which affected me greatly, I became acquainted with one of the most amiable girls in the world; and soon fell so desperately in love with her, that I had no rest night or day, because I had reason to believe that her father would think my fortune too small; and that he would expect a more advantageous match for a girl with *her* person and accomplishments. Then, —then I wished, most ardently wished, that I had been thrown into a way to improve my patrimony, and to make it more worthy of the acceptance of the only woman with whom I could be happy; without whom, indeed, I should be actually wretched.

I had been fortunate enough, as I thought, to find several opportunities to make my addresses to the lady; but the dread of being rejected by *him*, who had alone a right to dispose of her, kept me for a considerable time in a state of the most racking uncertainty; and I was weak enough to affront the memory of my once beloved and revered parents, by accusing them of having been cruelly inattentive to my future welfare.—“ Had I been brought up to business, I might have been enabled, perhaps, to offer myself to this adorable creature without fearing a refusal either from *her* or from her father!”

I was

I was not, indeed, too far advanced in life to settle to business; but love engaged my thoughts so much, and forbade me also to embark my little all on a precarious bottom, that, instead of endeavouring to increase my income by industry, I abandoned myself to despair.

Despair, at length, drove me to ask the father of my Maria for his consent.

I was, as I feared I should be, repulsed with a peremptory denial.

This was a finishing stroke; I could not support it.—I murmured at Providence for not having given me the exact sum I wanted, fretted myself ill, and was soon pronounced to be in danger.

My guardian, and his family, who had ever behaved in the tenderest manner to me, well knowing the cause of my disorder, informed Maria of my situation.

She, who had never been averse to me, on being acquainted with it, flew to her father, and, with tears in her eyes, intreated him to let her come and see me.

Moved

Moved by her sorrow, he complied with her request; but he was so much more affected at her return, by the account she gave of my indisposition, that he consented to our union.

Our marriage was to be solemnized as soon as my health was restored; and I believed myself to be the happiest of men.

My wife's fortune was but little, if at all superior to mine. Her parents, however, reckoning upon her person and accomplishments, had higher views for her, and had flattered themselves that she would be raised considerably by her external attractions co-operating with her intrinsic merit: they were consequently, at first, rather chagrined to see their schemes defeated; but finding that she was satisfied with her lot; and that I continued extravagantly fond of her, they also became more contented.

In a short time after our marriage, her grandfather died, and left her only five hundred pounds; but at the same time ordered five thousand more to be paid on the birth of a son; and in case of our having only girls, to be made over to another branch of the family.

This

This unkind, this unjust procedure, roused my resentment; and I insulted the memory of the deceased old gentleman with the keenest invectives. I ought to have been thankful for his having remembered us at all, as he had a large family, who wanted what he had bequeathed to us more than we did.

We were now perpetually wishing, and wishing with anxiety, to have a boy, to bring so good a legacy home to us; but heaven, justly offended, no doubt, at our unreasonable disquietude, sent us only a female, who was to me, in particular, very disgusting, merely as a female; and her mother was so much displeased with her sex as to deny it nourishment from her own breast. The poor child, though as fine a one as ever was born, was turned out of the house at the tenderest age, not only to partake of the rude accommodations and homely fare of one of the lowest cottagers, but to run the risque of imbibing, with the milk of a stranger, all the ill-blood and ill-humours with which that stranger might be filled. Thus did we throw away a treasure, of which we were not capable of estimating the value.

My wife, not finding herself breeding again, soon began to take a fancy to a different stile of
N living.

living.—She had hitherto been satisfied with privacy, and paid a proper regard to domestic œconomy, as we were by no means in splendid circumstances; but her disappointment arising from the birth of her daughter, had made a change in her temper; and the society of some gay people of her own sex, with whom she struck up an acquaintance, at first, in order to dissipate her uneasiness, inspired her with too strong a passion for pleasure.—Yet was not my fondness in the least abated by her new propensities. I still doated on her, and indulged her in the gratification of her heart's every wish.

Just about this time, I received a great deal of pleasure (pleasure very little expected) from my friend Theodore's return from Lisbon. His arrival gave me the greatest delight, as I had flattered myself that he would, as a sincere friend, enjoy, by the force of sympathy, the happiness I felt in my lovely Maria's company.

I flew to him, therefore, immediately, and presented him to my wife with the highest encomiums on each other, which, indeed, they both deserved, and which they both soon felt neither proceeded from the extravagance of love, nor the romantic ardour of friendship. Few men were more agreeable

able than Theodore; few women more amiable than Maria.

I now began almost to forget my late disappointment in the arms of my wife, and in the conversation of my friend, between whom I spent all my happy hours.—My felicity was, in truth, so complete, that I even thought not of the diminution of my fortune. My felicity, however,—(how can we expect permanent felicity *here*?)—was soon interrupted.—My wife fell sick of a fever.—In a few days afterwards she was declared to be hastening to her dissolution, and in a few days more expired in my arms.

It is impossible to describe the agonies which my soul endured when I beheld the woman whom I had ever loved to distraction stretched out before me a lifeless corpse. I behaved like a madman; and in the height of my phrenzy dared, impiously dared, to accuse the Almighty of having given her to me only to make me a thousand times more miserable than I should have been, if I had never known her, by an early separation. I stamped—I tore my hair—I committed innumerable irregularities. When I grew somewhat less disturbed, I sunk into a fullness which nothing could remove.

Soon after the death of my wife, my friend Theodore was obliged to settle abroad. *His* departure occasioned new murmurings, new impieties.

There was now but one object left to attract my attention; *that* object was my little girl, against whom, from her birth, my bosom was steeled.

Maria had now just entered into her fourth year; but having been shamefully neglected both by her mother and me, had contracted a great many low ways under the tuition of her vulgar nurse. I went to see her,—but oh! sharp reproach for having so long stifled parental affection in my bosom,—she screamed at the sight of me.—I was *indeed* a stranger.

Pitying the poor child's situation, I took her home: however, as I gave myself no trouble about her education, she only exchanged, as she grew up, the coarse dialect of the nurse, for the pert language of the chambermaid. Forced by recollection to dwell on the late losses I had sustained, certain of never seeing my beloved wife again, and doubtful with regard to the re-appearance of my friend, I sat either stupified with sorrow, or raving with despair; unmindful of every
 thing

thing which ought to have engaged my thoughts; unmindful of my mouldering fortune; unmindful of my injured daughter.

One day the maid came into my room, telling me that Miss was cutting her double teeth, and was very ill, adding, that she wished I would give her an anodyne necklace, which she knew her mistress had in her cabinet.

On being thus unnecessarily, I thought, reminded of my wife, I was thrown into a violent rage, and in the first transports of my passion, severely reprimanded the maid for her officiousness; but passing soon afterwards through a room in which the young Maria lay on her lap in extreme pain, I was struck with the resemblance between her and her late lovely mother, a little while before she expired.

A sigh, which I could not suppress, heaved my bosom; and as I hung over the poor innocent, the tears of paternal sensibility rushed from my eyes, and rolled down her pallid face. I then hastened to the cabinet, to search for the necklace, or any thing else that might probably relieve her.

In turning over several papers, which were intermixed with my dear Maria's trinkets, I recognized the hand of Theodore.

Astonished beyond expression at so unexpected a sight, I opened the letter with precipitation, and read it with horror.—I was stabbed with the perusal of it.—Every word planted a dagger in my heart.—It was—oh, heaven! I still tremble at the recollection of it—a letter from Theodore, the man whom I believed to be my firmest, sincerest friend, to Maria, my wife, who doated on *me*, I also believed, as fondly as I did on *her*. After having thanked her for the very great tenderness which she had discovered for him, he thus proceeded:—"You need not be in the least afraid of your husband's suspicions, for I do not know upon the face of the earth a man who has a stronger confidence in any person than he has both in you and me; nor is there a man in the world, in my opinion, more easily to be duped."

This heart-breaking discovery made me quite furious.—I now exclaimed against Providence in the most daring and irreverent terms, for having suffered me to be so deceived and despised; so grossly imposed upon, and injuriously treated.—I declared, with much vehemence, that no human
being

being had ever been so cruelly used, and swore in tremendous accents that no man should so use me with impunity.

Could I have reached Theodore in those moments of madness, when I smarted with resentment, and breathed nothing but revenge, I should have certainly murdered him; but luckily he was at a distance, and I had leisure to grow cool.—My rage, indeed, gradually subsided; but the misery I felt by reflecting on the undeserved treatment which I had received from two persons the dearest to me in the world, threw me into a violent fever.

From that fever, I, with great difficulty, recovered, and sunk into a dejection which almost rendered me incapable of doing any thing. I neglected my affairs—life became burthensome to me—all the efforts of my acquaintance to raise my spirits, and to put me in humour with existence, were ineffectual. I at last grew so disgusted with society, that I only admitted the visits of an old gentleman, who was a man of exceeding good sense, and irreproachable morals. By *his* frequent visits, I found myself by degrees less and less embarrassed in his company; and at length grew so unguarded, that I made a discovery of the true cause

cause of my melancholy, which I had till then concealed from every living creature.

No sooner was he acquainted with the source of my sorrow, than he told me that I was, in his opinion, very deservedly punished. “Learn henceforward,” said he, “to submit without the least murmuring to the will of the Supreme; for you may be assured, that every thing in this world is ordered by unerring wisdom; and that we poor imperfect beings know not what is best for us.—You thought yourself the most miserable of men when you lost your wife; but had she lived, what torments would you have endured! You would have seen her prefer your friend to yourself: you would have known that she had been guilty of a very atrocious crime, and the continued sight of her would have doubled your concern, as well as your aversion.—Had you been divorced, or only separated from her, the talk occasioned by it, and the apprehensions with regard to your meeting somewhere, might have produced the most painful sensations in your breast. Besides, with what propriety could your daughter have been educated under the eye of a mother who had violated her conjugal vows; and how severely must she have been shocked at the idea of being the daughter of a woman, whom she could not, without being
scan-

scandalized at her conduct, acknowledge as a parent. You ought, therefore, fervently to offer up praises to heaven for having delivered you from so much unhappiness by the death of your wife; and not with less fervency ought you to pour out your thanksgivings for the absence of your friend. Had your friend been within your reach at the time you discovered his treachery, you would have, it is highly probable, challenged him in the heat of your resentment. You might, by so doing, either have been answerable for his death as a murderer, or have been sent yourself, unprepared, and loaded with guilt, into the awful presence of Him, who has expressly prohibited revenge in these emphatical words; *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.* Look up, therefore, with devotion, and with gratitude, to *that* Being, who is as *merciful* as he is *almighty*; think, seriously think, how unworthy you have been of his interposition in your favour; and may you be always ready to say, for the future, on the most trying occasions, *Thy will be done*, without feeling your heart at variance with your lips.

I was struck with the good sense and piety uttered by my valuable neighbour, who had taken the most efficacious measures to restore the tranquillity of my mind, by setting things before me

in a proper light, and by endeavouring to make me sensible that, under the pressure of any misfortunes whatever, a thorough submission to the dispensations of Providence is as much our *interest* as it is our *duty*.

I now began to reproach myself severely, for having behaved in so unbecoming, so unjustifiable a manner; and tried to atone for my past ill conduct, by making myself as well satisfied as the situation of my affairs, which had been considerably injured by the extravagance of my wife, in consequence of her immoderate love of pleasure, would suffer me to be. Yet still I could not bring myself to behold my little daughter with the eyes of an affectionate parent. I repined continually because my child was not a son, as I should have had, during the minority of a son, the management of five thousand pounds, which would have been of the greatest service to me. Setting aside her having been estranged from me for so long a time, Maria had none of those winning, fond yearnings after me, which children generally have who are trained up under the inspection of their fathers and mothers. Of this want of filial sensibility in my daughter, I complained, in the bitterest terms, to my good old neighbour, who told me that I had brought upon myself the disquietude
which

which tormented me. “ At the very time,” continued he, “ that the tender affections take root, you cast your daughter from you as if she had been an alien: from *your* unfatherly behaviour, therefore, to *her* during her infancy, arises *her* inattention to *you*. Folly is its own punishment. —However, it is not yet too late to make her sensible, by a proper carriage, that you are her best friend; and possibly this despised girl may turn out every thing you can wish her to be.”

I listened a second time to the voice of reason. I began to apply myself to the education of my child. I hired, in the first place, an elderly woman recommended by my friend, who had been bred a gentlewoman, but having met with misfortunes, was glad, with a moderate allowance, to undertake the care of my family, and to teach my girl all kinds of needle-work: in reading, writing, accompts, geography, French, and music, *I* was her only instructor; and by accompanying my instructions with many rewards and few punishments, I at length carried my point so far, as to make her love the *father*, while she revered the *master*. I had, at the same time, the satisfaction to see that she improved every day in her person and manners, and became a very fine girl.

When she was about eleven years old, my excellent friend and neighbour—(to whom I was indebted for all the pleasure I at last received as a parent, and to whom my daughter was also indebted both for her father and her education; as I should not, probably, have behaved to her in a paternal way, or have taken any pains to render her an accomplished woman, if I had not been acquainted with *him*)—was suddenly taken ill, and died in a few days.

The first news of his death was a blow which almost stunned me.—So deeply was I affected by it, that I gave myself up again to murmuring and despondence.

While I was throwing out some very melancholy effusions, dictated by despair, I was informed that he had left my daughter, in his will, having few relations of his own, and none who were not richer than himself, ten thousand pounds; five of which I was at liberty to improve by any sort of business or traffic, the most agreeable to me, till my daughter was six and twenty; with the other five she was to be invested on her being of age. I was, however, only to enjoy the use of my five thousand during the stipulated term of years, on condition that I tied up a part of my
estate

estate which would produce an equivalent sum at the expiration of them, in case I should be guilty of any embezzlements, or be disabled, by unforeseen contingencies, from making a restitution.

This was a noble legacy, as unmerited as it was unexpected; but it administered no kind of consolation to me for the loss of the worthy testator. The generosity of my excellent friend I remembered every hour with the sincerest gratitude, and his separation from me with the sincerest regret. However, as I paid too great a regard to the memory of him whom I had so justly and so highly esteemed when living, to neglect the improvement of the sum for which I was made responsible, I offered myself to a sober, careful man, who had been his book-keeper, to go into partnership with him, provided he would thoroughly instruct me in his business; and he cheerfully complied with my proposals, as the stock advanced by me would be of considerable advantage to him.

In this manner I obeyed my dear deceased friend's injunctions, and made an honest old servant of his happy. By strictly attending to the duties of my new employment, I not only kept my mind from dwelling on any disagreeable subjects; but in a few years trebled the five thousand
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committed to my stewardship. When my daughter came of age, I made over ten thousand to her, and married her to a very amiable and deserving young man, for whom she had a great affection. With the remaining sum, added to my little patrimony, I resolved to spend the rest of my days in doing all the good in my power, as my daughter and her husband were in too affluent circumstances to wish for my decease. In acts of beneficence, therefore, I have spent my time from that happy æra, in supplicating the Almighty's pardon for my past offences, and in pouring forth praises to him for all the blessings which he has showered on my undeserving head. Never am I so happy, never do I feel such transporting sensations, as when I am offering up my fervent thanksgivings to the throne of grace.—More and more am I every hour convinced, that the *goodness* of the Deity is equal to his *power*; that we ought ever to pay the most implicit submission to his decrees; and that whatever he permits to be, is permitted for the wisest ends.

ANECDOTE

OF

A REMARKABLE LEARNED AND UNFORTU-
NATE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1724, Francis Brightwell, and Benjamin Brightwell, his brother, were tried at the Old Bailey, for robbing John Pargiter on the highway, in the road to Hampstead. The prosecutor swore very positively against them both; but after evidence had been given against them, Francis Brightwell, who was a grenadier, proved, by several witnesses, that he was upon the King's guard, at Kensington, at the time the robbery was committed. Hereupon the Court went into an enquiry concerning the reputation and character of the prisoner. And several colonels, majors, captains, and other military officers, appeared in favour of Francis Brightwell, and alledged, that they had known him long in the service, and gave testimony as to his sobriety and diligence in the discharge of the duty of a soldier. And as to his honesty, a lady, who was present in court, declared, that she had entrusted him with a thousand pounds at a time; and a gentleman declared, that he had committed his house and goods, to the value of six thousand, to his keeping; in both
which

which trusts Brightwell had acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. These ample testimonies concurring to the honour of a man in so low a condition of life, greatly surprized the court, and all who were present: but their astonishment was increased, when Mr. Hughes, a clergyman, appeared also in the soldier's favour, and made the following declaration. "I have known Francis Brightwell, (said he) near twenty years. He has always been reputed to be a person of the fairest character for sobriety, probity, and justice. He has often consulted me concerning difficult passages in Virgil and Homer: for he is to an extraordinary degree accomplished with Latin and Greek literature, and has good skill in Roman antiquities; and, in a word, he carries so large a share of exquisite learning under his grenadier's cap, that I believe there is not such another grenadier in the universe."

Mr. Hughes's testimony was corroborated by that of several others; and, upon the whole, the jury acquitted both Francis Brightwell and his brother. And it afterwards appeared, that the robbery with which they had been unjustly charged, was actually committed by Joseph Blake, and the famous Jack Shepherd. However, this unfortunate accusation proved fatal to Francis Brightwell,
who

who died shortly after, of a disorder that he contracted in goal, though he was attended by Sir Hans Sloane, then one of his Majesty's physicians.

The following particulars are also related concerning this remarkable grenadier. He was contented in his station, studious at leisure, and ambitious only of knowledge. He had offers of being promoted to the rank of corporal, or of serjeant, which he declined, that he might have as few avocations as possible from his studies.—Neither did he covet money; and 'tis supposed, that had he been at the sacking of a town, he would not have thought of carrying off any other plunder but a valuable book or two. The following instance is given of his disregard of gain. He had an excellent manner of cleaning and furbishing arms, for which he had his settled prices.—An officer, whose arms he had brightened, was so well pleased with his work, that he sent Brightwell (over and above the usual price) a guinea for a present. The philosophic soldier took his price, and returned the guinea by the servant. Some time after, when the officer saw him, "Why," said he to Brightwell, "would you not accept of the guinea I sent you?" "I am paid for my work," replied the centinel, "and desire no more." "Accept of a crown then," said the officer, "if
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your modesty makes you think a guinea too much.”
 “Excuse me, Sir,” answered the veteran, “and do not think it vanity or affectation, when I refuse your kindness; but, indeed, Sir, I don’t want: but I am thirsty, and have no money about me; so that if your honour will be pleased to give me three-pence to drink your health, I shall thankfully accept of it.”

SICKNESS not always a MISFORTUNE :

ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF OZIBAH.

An Eastern Tale.

OZIBAH, Caliph of Persia, reigned in all the magnificence, unmanly ease, and effeminate delights, so conspicuous in the palaces of the Monarchs of the East. Buried beneath the impenetrable veil of pleasure, neither the groans of his subjects, oppressed by wicked magistrates; the cries of the orphans, whom the savage banditti of the mountains had wantonly deprived of their parents; nor the melting tears of the widows stripped and exposed to the miseries of despair, could find admittance. But though the most complicated scenes of human misery were disregarded, yet the tremendous hand of Providence no sooner visibly

visibly appeared, than the Monarch trembled on his throne; these delusive scenes of pleasure, which had so long bewitched him, he beheld with horror and detestation, and those objects which he had hitherto beheld with contempt, now appeared only worthy of his attention.

Sickness seized this voluptuous Caliph, and the angel of death stared him tremendously in the face. Where could he flee for succour, or to whom could he petition with any hopes of success?—Virtue he had despised, neglected justice, and laughed at the precepts of religion. To the latter, however, he had recourse, and dispatched a messenger to the venerable Abdallah, who was a constant votary at the holy shrine in the temple at Mecca.

His arrival being notified to the Caliph, he ordered him to be brought into his presence: No sooner did this venerable man enter the chamber of Ozibah, than he cried out, “Glory eternal to the King, whose dominions are safe from decay, and whose kingdom is everlasting. The extent of the heavens, and the boundaries of the earth, are but minute parts of his creation; and infinite space but a small point of his productions. He has regulated the order of the universe, and the

government of the sons of Adam, by the understanding of kings who exercise justice. By his decrees the ties of love, and the bonds of affection, are fastened; and he has implanted, in the various beings and creatures of his workmanship, the passion of inclination and union, with a mutual tendency to society; and praises without end are due to the souls of the prophets, who walked in the paths of righteousness, and directed the way to obtain everlasting felicity. But thou, O mighty Monarch of the East, hast chosen the paths of pleasure instead of virtue, and obeyed the irregular fallies of thine appetite, in opposition to the precepts of religion. For this the arrow of disease was shot from the bow of Omnipotence, to shew unthinking mortals how insignificant is all their boasted strength, when opposed by the arm of that Being who inhabiteth eternity.

“ But he always thinks of mercy, even in the midst of justice; nor ever strikes, but wishes at the same time the conversion of the offender.

“ The other night returning to my cell, from trimming the midnight lamps in the holy temple at Mecca, I beheld the brilliant concave of the skies was veiled from the sight of mortals, by black and impenetrable clouds. The thunders grumbled in
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the distant skies, and seemed to foretell the horror of a future tempest. Scarce had I entered the door of mine habitation, than the thunder became far more loud and dreadful; so that the rocks seemed to move, and the very foundations of the world shake. The sheets of lightning extended themselves from one side of the heavens to the other; and the torrents of water that poured down from the adjacent mountains seemed to threaten the earth with a second deluge. Surely, cried I, the avenging hand of Providence is now executing its justice on a sinful land, or the dissolution of all things is approaching.

“ As I pronounced these words, I looked up, and saw a young man sitting near me clothed in a long robe, whose whiteness equalled that of the snow on the mountains of Candahar. I stood trembling before him, but he said to me, ‘ Fear not, Abdallah, I am one of those benevolent beings that watch over the children of the dust, and direct their steps in the paths of virtue.— Thou art terrified at the present tempest, and canst look upon it only as the effect of the wrath of an offended Deity: whereas, wert thou acquainted with the true nature of things, thou wouldst be convinced, that it is entirely owing to his goodness and mercy. Thunder and storms are as much
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the works of the Father of the universe, as the fruits and flowers that enrich and adorn the earth, and he is obeyed and honoured by storms and tempests, as well as by the gentle and fragrant breath of the morning. The sun, which by his genial warmth cheers and animates the whole creation, leads us to the worship of Him who is the author of life and happiness: the light, which embellishes and adorns every part of the universe, is a lively representation of him who is the very essence of beauty and comeliness; the rivers, the forests, the verdure, and fruits of the earth, all declare his goodness, and are so many instances of his bounty towards the children of men. But the voice of his thunder is appointed to awaken those who either abuse or disregard his blessings, and to bring them to a sense of their duty and dependance on him. But storms are not only designed as a lesson of instruction; for they also of themselves produce very happy effects, by purging and cleansing the air of any impurities, or unwholesome vapours, that too long a stagnation might occasion; by destroying those swarms of insects, which, though useful in some respects, yet would prove prejudicial to mankind. Thus are these objects of terror only instruments in the hands of Omnipotence, whereby he produces the
 most

most salutary effects.' Saying this, he rose up, and left me to reflect on what he had delivered.

“ And now, O mighty Ruler of this extensive Empire, let me intreat you to look upon this affliction, as intended by the beneficent Father of Nature, as an earnest of his good-will; and as I was taught to look upon storms and tempests, only as instruments in his hands, tending to promote the happiness of his creatures; so should we consider sickness as an instrument of the same kind, tending to make us acquainted with our own condition, the uncertainty of all earthly happiness, and cause us to fix our desires on that true felicity, which lies beyond the grave, and whose limits are those of eternity itself.”

This speech greatly pleased Ozibah, who, turning himself towards Abdallah, answered, “ O Abdallah, a few days ago, I thought myself great and happy; I was fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; but now my strength is wasted and dried up, and joy and pleasure vanished from my sight. I rely wholly on Omnipotence; and, should he extend his arm, and raise me from the pit of destruction, I will constantly endeavour to tread the paths of virtue, and to obey the precepts of religion. The orphan
shall

shall find in me a father, the oppressed a deliverer, and the stranger a friend and protector. Return, Abdallah, to thy place, and when thou pourest out thy prayers in the holy temple of Mecca, remember Ozibah, thy king and friend."

Abdallah accordingly returned to his habitation, and soon after the King recovered from his sickness. His first care was to remove those magistrates who oppressed the people, placing in their stead men of integrity and virtue. He also regulated every thing which he found amiss in the government: nor would he permit any to approach him, unless they were lovers of virtue. By persevering in those noble actions, his kingdom soon became rich and powerful, and all his subjects happy.

AN ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

DURING the King's journey to Silesia, he often slept at a Clergyman's house, without ever seeing his landlord. Being once in good humour, he sent for the minister to talk with him. "How do you do, Doctor?" "Very bad; please
your

your Majesty.’ “ Well, well, things will be better in the other world.” ‘ Perhaps they may be worse there.’ “ How am I to understand this?” ‘ I will explain myself; if your Majesty has time and patience to hear me.’ “ Pray do; it is my wish you should.” ‘ I have, Sire, two daughters, three sons, and only a small parish. Perceiving some genius in the boys, I spared no expence in their education, but sent them to a good school, and afterwards to the university; by which means I have incurred some debts. My children are become very good scholars, yet, being unprovided for, they are of course unable to make me amends for my expences. The parish revenues are rather decreased than augmented;—all my future prospects are darkened—the hope of settling my affairs is vanished—I am grown old with grief, and if death should seize me, without my observing the *suum cuique*, and paying my creditors, how dare I hope for a good reception in the other world? And’—

“ Yes, yes, it is certainly a bad affair—’tis plain I shall be obliged to step in as mediator.—What may be the amount of your debts?” ‘ About 800 dollars.’ “ If you can prove your sons have learned something, and are fit for my service, they shall be provided for. I will settle with your
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creditors,

creditors, and your salary shall be increased, since you have educated your children for the good of the country. But where are your daughters?" 'I always send them to town when your Majesty comes here with your suite.' "That is prudent; let me see them to-morrow."

The next day his Majesty was told that two amiable young ladies were in the antichamber, and would not be refused admittance, insisting they had been sent for. "Oh!" said the King, "they are surely the parson's daughters; go and fetch me a milliner, and introduce the ladies."—The King found them not only handsome and lively, but of fine understandings; he conversed with them some time—bought them several expensive things—and presented them with money besides. The minister's sons, who produced very good testimonials, were provided for; the daughters soon obtained husbands;—and the King boasted of having made a parson happy in both worlds.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

OUR hero was a great friend to, and very fond of children. The young Princes Von——, had always free access to him. One day writing in his cabinet, where the eldest of them was playing with a ball, it happened to fall on the table; the King threw it on the floor, and wrote on: presently after, the ball fell again on the table; he threw it away once more, and cast a serious look on the child, who promised to be more careful, and continued his play. At last the ball unfortunately fell on the very paper on which the King was writing; who, being a little out of humour, put the ball in his pocket. The little Prince humbly begged pardon, and intreated to have his ball again, which was refused. He continued some time praying in a very piteous manner, but all in vain. At last, grown tired of asking, he placed himself before his Majesty, put his little hand to his side, and said, with a menacing look and tone, “Do you chuse, Sire, to restore the ball or not?” The King smiled, took the ball from his pocket, and gave it the Prince, with these words: “Thou art a brave fellow; Silesia will never be retaken whilst thou art alive.”

THE POOR PILGRIM.

STOP, passenger, whoe'er thou art,
 Compassion in thy breast may glow;
 And if thou canst not alms impart,
 From pity some relief may flow.

If wayward fortune thou hast prov'd,
 Lift to my tale, and feel for me:
 And if thou e'er hast fondly lov'd,
 Let love my vindication be.

An outcast from an affluent home,
 Where peace her downy wings display'd,
 Mournful and penniless I roam—
 My all within this basket laid.

Forfaken by the man I lov'd,
 The man I foolishly believ'd,
 I wail my fate, while he, unmov'd,
 Forgets the wretch whom he deceiv'd.

Discarded by parental scorn,
 Betray'd by him whom I adore,
 A pilgrim, weary and forlorn,
 Relief from strangers I implore.

If you, to whom I lowly kneel,
 Can pity to the frail extend;
 If you, for those who e'er can feel,
 When spurn'd by ev'ry former friend;

Affist a pilgrim on her way,
 Whose stock of bread is stale and low:
 Cold blows the wind—no cheering ray
 Warms my faint heart, or melts the snow.

Nor long will this unhappy form,
 Nor long this breaking heart, offend:
 I sink beneath affliction's storm,
 And soon my shame and grief will end.

For sharper than the Northern blast,
 Are the repentant pangs I prove;
 Hard is my fate, to mourn and fast;
 But harder still—to die of love.

VIRTUE

IS the universal charm:—Even its shadow is
 courted, when the substance is wanting. It
 must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent
 acts, but by daily and repeated exertions, in order
 to its becoming vigorous and useful. Great events
 give

give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue.

Whatever is to be our profession, no education is more necessary to success, than the acquirements of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts, without probity and honour.

Whether science, or business, or public life be our aim, virtue still enters for a principal share into all those great departments of society.

It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives to the mind, and the weight which it adds to the character; the generous sentiment which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of
diligence

diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre. By whatever arts we may at first attract the attention, we can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the season of warm and generous emotions;—the heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. In this season we should endeavour, upon rational and sober enquiry, to have our principles established, nor suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical. No wantonness of useful spirits, no compliance

compliance with the intemperate mirth of others; should ever betray us into profane fallies.

It should not be barren of improvements so essential to future felicity and honour.

This is the seed-time of life. The character is now, under divine assistance, of our forming; our fate is, in some measure, put into our own hands. Nature is as yet pliant and soft;—habits have not established their dominion; prejudices have not pre-occupied our understanding; the world has not had time to contract and debase our affections. All our powers are more vigorous, disembarassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse we now give to our desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which our life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue.

Virtuous youth gradually bring forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginning of life has been vanity, its latter end can be no other than vexation of spirit.

CASTLE-

CASTLE BUILDING.

AN. ELEGY.

GODDESS of golden dreams, whose magic
power

Sheds smiles of joy o'er mis'ry's haggard face,
And lavish strews the visionary flower
To deck life's dreary paths with transient grace;

I woo thee, Fancy, from thy fairy cell,
Where 'midst the endless woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal blifs, thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Deep sunk, O goddess! in thy pleasing trance,
Oft let me seek some low sequester'd vale,
While Wisdom's self shall steal a side-long glance,
And smile contempt—but listen to thy tale.

Alas! how little do her vot'ries guess,
Those rigid truths that learned fools revere
Serve but to prove (O bane to happiness!)
Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere.

Be theirs to search where clust'ring roses grow;
Touching each sharp thorn's point to prove how
keen,

Be mine to taste their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance as they blush unseen.

R

Haply

Haply my path may lie through barren vales,
 Where niggard fortune all her sweets denies;
 Ev'n there shall Fancy scent the ambient gales,
 And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff: be his the task
 To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes
 betray'd;

Be mine to range unseen,—'tis all I ask,
 And frame new worlds beneath the silent shade:

To look beyond the views of wealth and pride,
 Bidding the mind's eye range without controul,
 Through wild extatic day-dreams, far and wide,
 To bring returns of comfort to the soul:

To bid groves, hills, and lucid streams appear,
 The gilded spire, arch'd dome, and fretted vault;
 And sweet society be ever near;
 Love, ever young, and friends without a fault.

I see entranc'd the gay conceptions rise,
 My harvest ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
 And still as Fancy pours her large supplies,
 I taste the Godlike happiness to give.

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd sighs,
 To shield her infant from the north blast rude;
 To bid the sweetly glist'ning tear arise,
 Which swims in the glad eye of gratitude:

To

To join the artless maid and honest swain,
 Where fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
 To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
 And guard with fost'ring hand her darling boy:

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
 And send th' unhappy smiling from my door,
 To spread content and cheerfulness around,
 And banquet on the blessings of the poor:

Delicious dream!—How oft beneath thy pow'r,
 Thus light'ning the sad load of others' woe,
 I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
 Nor feel I want the pity I bestow.

Delicious dream!—How often dost thou give
 A gleam of bliss, which truth would but destroy;
 Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
 And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy.

And O! how precious is that timely friend,
 Who checks affliction in her dread career!
 Who knows distress, well knows that he may lend
 One hour of life, who stops one rising tear.

O! but for thee, long since the hand of care
 Had mark'd with livid pale my furrow'd cheek,
 Long since the shiv'ring grasp of cold despair
 Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to break.

For ah! affliction steals with trackless flight,
 Silent the stroke she gives, but not less keen;
 And bleak misfortune, like an eastern blight,
 Sheds black destruction, though it flies unseen.

O! come then Fancy, and with lenient hand
 Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd
 brow;

Bear me o'er smiling tracks of fairy land,
 And give me more than fortune can bestow.

Mix'd are her boons, and checquer'd all with ill,
 Her smiles, the sunshine of an April morn;
 The cheerless valley skirts the gilded hill,
 And latent storms in ev'ry breeze are borne.

Give me thy hope, which sickens not the heart;
 Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to fly;
 Give me the pride thy honours can impart;
 Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty.

Give me a wish the worldling may deride,
 The wise may censure, and the proud may hate;
 Wrapt in thy dreams, to lay the world aside,
 And snatch a bliss beyond the reach of fate.

ON THE DEATH OF

Miss HENRIETTA HOLLIS LENNOX,

Daughter of the celebrated Mrs. C. LENNOX.

SO blooms the rose, when vernal gales,
 Their soft enlivening influence shed:
 So when a noxious blast prevails,
 It droops, and all its beauties fade.

Ah! short-liv'd flower, ah! hapless fair!
 Alike your charms, alike their date!
 Flow, flow, my tears, on Harriet's bier,
 Sweet victim of an early fate!

Say, shall th' impassion'd bosom grieve
 At angry heav'n's too partial doom,
 That blasted all our hopes, and gave
 Thy spring of beauty to the tomb.

Or shall we, with faith's steady eye,
 View thee thy kindred angels join;
 An inmate of thy native sky,
 Whilst heav'n's eternal year is thine.

AN ANECDOTE.

DOCTOR SOUTH was a most admired preacher, and his sermons have in them whatever wit or knowledge could put together.—As an instance of the natural turn of wit to which this gentleman was subject, the following anecdote is related of him:—Some time before his death he resided at Caversham in Oxfordshire, and having occasion to come to London on particular affairs, he took the opportunity of paying a morning visit to his old friend Dr. Waterland. The Doctor being rejoiced to see him, pressed him to stay to dinner, which he at length consented to do; but the Doctor's Lady, who was a remarkable œconomist, disapproved of this, and calling her husband into an adjoining room, began to expostulate with him on the absurdity of asking the gentleman to dine, when he knew she was utterly unprovided. The Doctor endeavoured to pacify her, by saying, it was his fellow-collegian, and he could not do less than ask him to dine: he therefore begged she would compose herself, and hasten to provide something elegant, for there was not a man in the world he respected more than the friend that was now come to see him. This, instead of mending the matter, made it worse: the Lady said, she had
already

already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be so silly to invite his friends upon such occasions, they should take what she had to give them; for she would not put herself out of the way for any of them. The Doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and protested, that if it were not for the stranger that was in the house, he would thresh her. Dr. South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, instantly stopped the dispute, by saying, with his usual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, "Dear Doctor, as we have been friends so long, I beseech you not to make a stranger of me upon any occasion." The Lady, ashamed of the discovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handsome dinner to be served up, and left the two Doctors to enjoy themselves peaceably to their mutual satisfaction.

AN ANECDOTE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow of punning memory established an ale-house near the pound, and wrote over his door, 'Ale sold by the Pound.'—As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted

resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I am come here on purpose to clear myself."

The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, "They tell me you sell ale by the pound; is that true?" "No, and please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you then?" said the Chancellor. "Very well, I thank you, Sir," replied the wit, "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; "Sir, (said he) the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you," and returned with him. "Here, Sir," said he, "here he is." "Who?" said the Chancellor. "Why, Sir," said he, "you sent me for a rascal, and

and I have brought you the greatest that I know of.'

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himself *incog.* who insisted on taking care of his Majesty's horses, equipage, &c. and also to take him to a house made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were industriously employed in the service of this illustrious traveller, who of course found this imagined hotel the best prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, such fine swift horses were fixed to his carriage, that he confessed they did honour to his landlord the postmaster.—The postillion who drove him had not, as the rest, the usual stile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undressed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dress manifestly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horse he had such an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him.—When the Emperor had taken his place in his

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carriage,

carriage, the postillion set off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed stage with an astonishing speed, and such as no other horses the Emperor had used could anyways equal. The dextrous postillion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promised a place in the Emperor's service, if he would accept it. 'With all my heart,' said the postillion, in a jocular manner. "Very well, (said the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we'll set off." 'Two, if you please, (said the postillion) and then I'll whip you over six more leagues in a trice.' One of the boys of the inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, saluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a postillion.—The Emperor again got into his carriage. "Drive on, my friend, (said he) you shall have something more for your speed." 'Oh, by my soul, no doubt, master, (said the postillion) I find you are a worthy gentleman.' They presently arrived at the stage, where they refreshed; and the postillion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the stable. "I never had such a good relief of horses, nor so good a postillion," said the Emperor to his new landlord. 'I believe it firmly, (said the innkeeper) the horses belong to his Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himself

was

was your postillion.' The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and seek the Prince; but it was needless; he had set off for his own palace, and it was impossible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely surprized at the singularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for such a condescending service.

A DROLL ADVENTURE

AT THE HOUSE OF A CERTAIN COMMON-
COUNCILMAN.

HAVING missed two pounds of butter, fresh and fine, which he kept for his own use, he accused the maid of having eaten it, or, at least, used it, as in truth she had, for herself and some kitchen company. The girl, to excuse the larceny, brought a young cat to her master, and declared that puss had eaten all the butter, and that she had caught her that moment in the act of finishing the last morsel. The excuse was plausible, but would not pass on the cunning citizen, who immediately put the young cat in the scales; when finding that the creature weighed but a pound and a half, he concluded she could not have eaten just

two pounds of butter, and sent for a constable to carry the maid before an alderman. But the servant redeemed herself by paying for the butter.

A PROSAIC ODE TO PEACE:

BY A NOBLE LORD, WHILE RESIDENT
AT ALTENA.

THE Fates conduct us when they will, and where; for now (averse to cold) we winter in a frigid clime approaching Greenland. A furious Northern blast our vessel blew across the Belt, swift as a swallow skims along the Thames, or doves affrighted cut the yielding air. O England, Neptune's glory, abode of wisdom! in thee ('tis said) dwells liberty divine. Saviour of England, saviour of Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen, omnifluent Ocean, propitious prove. Rise up, celestial goddess, from the deep; turn to fair Albion's coast a lovely look, and fix your temples on its fertile brow. Thy favourite all o'er the British isle is found, thy myrtles fragrant in its gardens grow; each free-born swain, each beautiful nymph, every science which our empire doth adorn, shall greet thee welcome to our sea-bound shore. All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus,

Venus, come! Let Mars, the destroyer of our short-liv'd race, be banished to the Euxine sea, or sound his trumpet on the Thracian plains. Let Turks and Russians this barbarous deity receive; whilst England, happy in its own extent, from all dissention free, shall rule the waves in peace, in plenty, harmony, and delight! All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus. come! Let full libations stream along the board, and marriage rites, emblems of peace, undisturbed remain; till, with redoubled strength, by wealth and rest increased.

TO THE POOR.

THE Providence of Almighty God has placed you under difficult circumstances of life, and daily reads you a lesson in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be assured of, for your comfort, that you are under God's constant and immediate care: and one advantage which you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your course thither by those manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath said, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their

their cares are more, and their distractions greater; so that you have no reason to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and these are chiefly your temptations, and against these you must be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you consider things aright, you will find that your storehouse is the more sure, your supply most certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the grass of the field; so that you may be much more assured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly-minded; always remembering, that he is the poorest man, who is poor in grace.

AN ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF
TAVISTOCK.

A Short time previous to the death of this inexpressible and lovely mourner, and when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford-House, and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she would hold open her hand. Her frequent refusals

fals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently afunder, when he perceived that ſhe had ſhut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. “ O, Madam!” obſerved the phyſician, “ my preſcriptions muſt be uſeleſs, if your Ladyſhip is determined to keep before your eyes, an object, which, although deſervedly dear to you, ſerves only to confirm the violence of your illneſs.” The Marchionefs answered, “ I have kept the picture either in my boſom or my hand, ever ſince the death of my lamented Lord; and thus am I determined to preſerve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave.”

XENOPHON tells us, that when an Armenian Prince had been taken captive, with his Princeſs, by Cyrus, and was asked, what he would give to be reſtored to his kingdom and liberty? he replied, “ As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my Princeſs, I would cheerfully give it for her.” And when Cyrus had reſtored him all, he asked his queen, “ What think you of Cyrus?” to which ſhe replied, “ I did not obſerve him; my whole attention was entirely fixed upon that generous man, who would have purchaſed my liberty with his life.”

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library, for forty pounds, it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had this book in his possession, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it? and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book.—Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller's, and enquired what he would give for such a book: the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional

ditional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her.

This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction, as it does justice to the memory of a character, lately conspicuous among us for erudition and talents.

ANECDOTE

OF A PERSIAN MINISTER OF STATE.

COSROES, King of Persia, had a Minister of State, whose character was so amiable, that it was difficult to determine by whom he was most beloved, the King or his people. At length this able Minister demanded his dismissal: but Cosroes, unwilling to lose such a faithful and wise statesman, desired an explanation. "Why would you desert me?" said the afflicted Monarch:—"Have you any cause of complaint? Has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? Have not all my slaves been ordered to make no distinction between thy orders and mine? Are not you next my heart? Have you any thing to ask that I can grant? Speak, and you shall be satisfied; only do not think of leaving me."

T

Mitranes,

Mitraneſ, the Miniſter, made this reply: “O, King! I have ſerved thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou haſt moſt amply rewarded me; but nature now requires from me one of the moſt ſacred of its duties. I have a ſon, who can only learn from me how to ſerve thee or thy ſucceſſors hereafter, as I have done: let me purſue this private duty, after all my care for the public good.”

Cofroes granted his requeſt; but upon this condition, that he ſhould take the young Prince with him into his retreat, and educate both the youths together.

Mitraneſ ſet out, and, after five or ſix years abſence, returned and carried his pupils to Court. Cofroes was overjoyed to ſee his ſon again; but, upon examination, he was greatly chagrined to find that he had not made the ſame progreſs in his ſtudies as the ſon of Mitraneſ. In ſhort, he was greatly inferior to him in point of real merit.—The King complained to the Miniſter of this ſtriking difference; and his reply ſhould be a leſſon to all young men of good diſpoſitions: “O, King! my ſon has made a better uſe than yours of the inſtructions I gave to both: my attention has been equally divided between them; but my ſon knows that his dependence muſt be on mankind,

kind, while I never could conceal from yours that men would be dependent upon him."

ANECDOTE

OF POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

POPE Sixtus the Fifth being made Pope from a Cordelier, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but kept still the character of a facetious man; and he loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first condition. He remembered, amongst other things, that when he was a Cordelier, he had borrowed money of one Father Peter, of the monastery of —, and had not repaid it to him; and hearing he was still living, he sent him orders to come and give account of his actions. The good Father, who found no guilt upon him, went to Rome; and, being come before the Pope, "We are informed (said the Holy Father to him) that you have misemployed the revenues of your monastery, and we have sent for you to give us an account of the matter." "Holy Father, (said the monk) I think myself altogether innocent as to that." "Consider well, (said the Pope) whether you have not indiscreetly lent mo-

ney to any body, particularly to a certain Cordelier, who came to you such a year." The Monk having thought on it awhile, ' 'Tis true, (said he) Holy Father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time.' " Well, (said the Pope) I am that very Cordelier you speak of, and will now return that money according to promise, and advise you at the same time never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again."

The Monk, very much surprized to find his Cordelier in the person of the Pope, offered to beg his pardon for calling him a knave. " Never trouble yourself about it, (said the Holy Father) that might be true enough at that time; but God has furnished us with means to retrieve our past offences."

Thus he dismissed the Monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and expressed to him great demonstrations of favour.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

IN one of the many plots which were formed against the life and government of this Monarch, there was, among the number of those seized, a foldier belonging to his own regiment of guards. Peter being told by the officers that this man had always behaved extremely well, had curiosity to see him, and to learn from his own mouth what had been his inducement to be concerned in a plot against him. To this purpose he dressed himself in plain cloaths, that he might not be known by the man, and went to the prison where he was confined. After some conversation, Peter added, “ I should be glad to hear, friend, what were your reasons for being concerned in an attempt against the Emperor, your master, as I am certain that he never did you any injury; on the contrary, he has a regard for you as a brave foldier, and a man who always did his duty in the field: if you was therefore to shew the least remorse for what you have done, the Emperor would, I am persuaded, forgive you; but before I interest myself in your behalf, you must tell me by what motives you was induced to join the mutineers;

tineers; and I say again, that the Emperor, who is naturally good and compassionate, will give you your pardon."

"I know nothing of the Emperor," replied the foldier, "for I never saw him but at a distance; but he caused my father's head to be cut off some time ago, for being concerned in a former rebellion, and it is the duty of a son to revenge the death of his father, by that of the person who took away his life. If then the Emperor is really so good and merciful as you have represented him, advise him, for his own safety, not to pardon me; for were he to restore me to my liberty, the first use I should make of it would be to engage in some new attempt against his life; nor should I ever rest till I had accomplished my design: the securest method, therefore, which he can take, will be to order my head to be struck off immediately, without which his own life is in danger."

The Czar in vain used all the arguments he could think of to set before this desperado the folly and injustice of such sentiments: he still persisted in what he had declared; and Peter departed, greatly chagrined at the bad success of his visit, and gave orders for the execution of this man with the rest of his accomplices.

OF ARCHIMEDES.

HAD Archimedes lived in our days, he would have been another Newton. When Syracuse was besieged, he put in practice all the resources of his wonderful genius in machinery for the defence of his country, and rendered this siege one of the longest and most bloody that ever the Romans undertook.

The particulars recorded of the many engines invented by him, for frustrating the attacks of the besiegers, and to harass them in their turn, are so extraordinary and wonderful, as to exceed all credibility, were they not recounted by the gravest and most credible historians. Some of these engines discharged against the Roman infantry stones of an enormous bulk, which crushed in pieces whatever came in their way; and by the destruction they produced, resembled in some degree those terrible fire-arms since invented by mankind for their mutual ruin. Others let fall such ponderous weights on the Roman galleys, as instantly sunk them. Another engine, more extraordinary still, was so contrived, as with an iron of amazing strength to seize a vessel by the prow, to lift her up to a considerable height, and then to let her

fall

fall with her whole weight, so as to sink or break her to pieces.

In this manner did Archimedes baffle, for the space of eight months, all the attacks of the Romans. Of such great use, on some occasions, is a single man of genius and science.

But the machines which Archimedes made use of against the Romans at the siege of Syracuse, were in his eye mere trifles, in comparison of his scientific discoveries. He declared, that if he had a fixed point out of this earth, he could move it like any other large body. By means of hydrostatics, he discovered the theft of a goldsmith, who had mixed some other metal with the gold he ought to have used in forming a crown, which he had undertaken to make for King Hiero. The burning-glass, which he invented to set on fire the fleet of Marcellus, was for a long time considered as chimerical; but after seeing that of a celebrated modern philosopher, the other can no longer be denied.

Syracuse was at last taken after a siege of three years, and in the year before Christ 212. Marcellus, the Roman consul, was much delighted with the hopes of finding in this city the man whose
wonderful

wonderful genius had so long baffled the bravest efforts of the Roman arms, and therefore ordered diligent search to be every where made for Archimedes. A private soldier finding him at last, deeply intent on the solution of some geometrical problem, commanded him to go along with him to Marcellus. Archimedes very quietly begged of the soldier to wait a few moments, till he should finish his problem. But the soldier, mistaking his request for an absolute refusal to obey him, stabbed him with his sword on the spot.

Marcellus was extremely concerned at the death of Archimedes, and by the honours paid to his memory, plainly evinced the high opinion he entertained of his merits, giving him a very pompous funeral, and causing a monument to be erected to his memory, so contrived as to exhibit an emblem of that most perfect of sciences, the mathematics. He even extended his favour to the relations of Archimedes, on whom he bestowed distinguishing and advantageous privileges.

Cicero tells us, that more than 140 years after this event, when the memory of Archimedes was almost lost among his countrymen, he himself had the curiosity to make enquiry about his tomb, which, after a painful search, he had the pleasure

at last to find; discovering it by a pillar, whereon was delineated the figure of a sphere and cylinder, with an inscription on the foot of it, pointing out the proportion that a sphere bears to a cylinder of the same base and altitude, which is that of 2 to 3; a proposition which was discovered and demonstrated by Archimedes.

ON
 GENEROSITY
 AND
 DISINTERESTED HONESTY.

A Certain Cardinal, who for the multitude of his generous actions was stiled the Patron of the Poor, had a constant custom, once or twice a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motives of his own bounty.

One day a poor woman, encouraged by the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of this Cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among the crowd of petitioners, the

the Cardinal, discerning the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter's, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: ' My Lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns; and such is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue, and an abhorrence of that odious crime. What I beg of your eminence is, that you will please to interpose your sacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by our honest industry, we can procure the money for him.' The Cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and innocent modesty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the widow's hands, " Go," said he, " to my steward with this paper, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay the rent."

The poor woman, overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note; which, when he had read, he told her fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the

steward's trick to try her honesty, refused to take above five, saying, ' She asked the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure it was a mistake.'

On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take more than five crowns. Whereupon, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully informed of the business; " It is true," said he, " I mistook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the woman: " So much candour and virtue deserve a recompence; here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay it up for a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

If I mistake not, this Cardinal was called Farnese: but whatever his name was, this was an action truly heroic, and which has but few parallels.

ANECDOTE

OF ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.

AS Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, " You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue."

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

CONTRASTED.

A VISION.

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better

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ter employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation; when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black; her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles; her eyes deep sunk in her head; and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity; and her hands armed with whips and scorpions.—As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed; and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps, her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the face of heaven with universal gloom. Dismal howling resounded through the forest; from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous

mendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner :

“ Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal ! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world ; and learn, that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched : this is the condition of all below the stars ; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings ; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity ; who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation, I espied on one
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hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in flow fullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprized by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

“ My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are,
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ſhe has often the infolence to aſſume my name and character, and ſeduces unhappy mortals to think us the ſame ; till ſhe at length drives them to the borders of deſpair, that dreadful abyſs into which you were juſt going to ſink.

“ Look round, and ſurvey the various beauties of this globe, which heaven has deſtined for the ſeat of the human race ; and conſider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of miſery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffuſed ſuch innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of exiſtence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it?— Thus to enjoy the bleſſings he has ſent, is virtue and obedience ; and to reject them merely as means of pleaſure, is pitiable ignorance, or abſurd perverſeneſs. Infinite goodneſs is the ſource of created exiſtence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the higheſt order of raptured ſeraphs to the meaneſt rank of men, is to riſe inceſſantly from lower degrees of happineſs to higher. They have each faculties aſſigned them for various orders of delights.”

“ What !” cried I, “ is this the language of Religion ? Does ſhe lead her votaries through
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flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the langour of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degrees disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing them, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic nature, unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of
voluntary

voluntary excesses, must patiently submit, both to the painful workings of nature and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as his recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wert just now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine, and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable: and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him

who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in his pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to his inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospect and noble capacities: but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment,

so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

“ Return then with me, from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity; return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependant being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay the Author of your being, is such a cheerful behaviour as discovers a mind satisfied with its own dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF MR. ADDISON.

IT is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—but could go no farther; then rising again, he said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive;"—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

To begin **NOTHING** of which you have not well considered the **END**.

A Certain Cham of Tartary going a progress with his nobles, was met by a Dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of
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of advice." The Cham ordered him the sum; upon which the Dervise said, " Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the End."

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, ' The Dervise is well paid for his maxim.' But the King was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the King's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason, ' Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.' He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand.—The king observed his confusion, and enquired the reason: The surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conspirators died. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, " That counsel could not be too much valued which had saved a King's life."

An Extraordinary ROBBERY.

THE following extraordinary affair is given to the public on the authority of a very respectable correspondent, who vouches for the truth of it:—A Lady in the neighbourhood of London, a short time since, went to the bank to receive a dividend, amounting to a considerable sum, which she took in bank-bills, put them loose in her pocket, and directed her coachman to drive to a tradesman's in the city, where she bought some goods, and took the opportunity of examining her bills, and putting them in her pocket-book; after which she got into her coach, and ordered the servant to drive home. A few miles from town, the carriage was stopped by a single highwayman, with a crape over his face, who demanded the lady's money and watch, which she gave him. 'Madam, (says he) you have more property about you, give me your pocket-book.' This was complied with, and the highwayman rode off. After a few minutes consideration, the Lady called to her coachman to turn about, and drive back again to the tradesman's where he had taken her up.—On her arrival there, she enquired for the master of the shop, and was informed that he was gone out of town; that his return was uncertain, it might
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be in an hour or two, or perhaps not for two or three days. This answer increasing her suspicion, she declared that her business was of a very particular nature, and she would wait till she saw him. About an hour afterwards the tradesman made his appearance, when the lady desired to speak with him in private, and the moment they were alone, she told him she had been robbed by a highwayman that afternoon, ‘and he was the man.’ The tradesman began to storm, protesting his innocence; but the Lady replied very coolly, that she was positive as to his person and voice, though his face was covered; that if he would quietly restore her her property, she would never discover him, from a regard to his family; and if he did not instantly comply with this request, she would order him to be taken into custody. Upon this the tradesman burst into tears, and acknowledging his guilt, restored the property; and the Lady has so strictly kept her promise, that her most intimate friends cannot obtain even a distant hint by which the penitent robber may be discovered.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

WHEN Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20l. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, ‘ Carry that man another 20l.’ Proceeding still, he said, ‘ Give him 20l. more.’ But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, ‘ Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined.’

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

’TWAS on the border of a stream
 A gayly-painted tulip stood,
 And, gilded by the morning beam,
 Survey’d her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
 Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
 Than crimson fading into gold,
 In streaks of fairest symmetry.

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The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells.

- “ O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
“ Fair painting of a hand divine!
“ Superior far to mortal doom,
“ The hues of heav'n alone are mine!
- “ Away, ye worthless, formless race!
“ Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!
“ No more my native bed disgrace,
“ Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!
- “ Shall the bright daughter of the sun
“ Associate with the shrubs of earth?
“ Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
“ Respect her beauties and her birth.
- “ And thou, dull, fullen evergreen!
“ Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
“ My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
“ Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade.”

‘ Deluded flower!’ the Myrtle cries,
‘ Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?’

‘ The meanest shrub that you despise,
‘ The meanest flower has merit more.

‘ That Daisy, in its simplest bloom,
‘ Shall last along the changing year,
‘ Blush on the snow of winter’s gloom,
‘ And bid the smiling spring appear.

‘ The Violet, that, those banks beneath,
‘ Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
‘ Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
‘ When thou art in thy dusty bed.

‘ Ev’n I, who boast no golden shade,
‘ Am of no shining tints possess’d,
‘ When low thy lucid form is laid,
‘ Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

‘ And he, whose kind and fostering care
‘ To thee, to me, our beings gave,
‘ Shall near his breast my flow’rets wear,
‘ And walk regardless o’er thy grave.

‘ Deluded flower! the friendly screen,
‘ That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
‘ And mocks thy passion to be seen,
‘ Prolongs thy transitory day.

‘ But

‘ But kindly deed with scorn repaid—
‘ No more by virtue need be done :
‘ I now withdraw my dusky shade,
‘ And yield thee to thy darling fun.’

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclos’d;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos’d.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And ev’ning came with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceas’d to blow,
And fought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
Relax’d, exhausted, sickening, pale;
They left her to a parent’s woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Proud Parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, Who gave him that coat?—The same, said the Shepherd, that clothed you—the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

AWE.

AWE is the first sentiment which arises in the soul at the view of greatness. But in the heart of a devout man, it is a solemn and elevating, not a dejected emotion; for he glows, rather than trembles, in the divine presence. It is not the
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superstitious dread of unknown power, but the homage yielded by the heart, to Him, who is at once the greatest and best of Beings.

DISEASE.

IT may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber; where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated: the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness of innocence.

A PICTURE OF AMBITION,

IN THE FATE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolfey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand,
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.

Still!

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances pow'r;
 Till conquest, unresisted, cease to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord;
 With age, with cares—with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief adds disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the fate of Kings.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION.

RELIGION prepares the mind of man for all
 the events of this inconstant state, instructs
 him in the nature of true happiness, early weans
 him from undue love of the world; afflictions do
 not attack him by surprize, and therefore do not
 overwhelm him; he is equipped for the storm as
 well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of
 life: he is not overcome by disappointment, when
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that which is mortal dies, when that which is mutable begins to change, and when that which he knew to be transient passes away.

Religion not only purifies, but also fortifies the heart; so that the devout man is neither lifted up by success, nor enervated by sensuality; he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection; he is inured to temperance and restraint; he has learned firmness and self-command; he is accustomed to look up to Supreme Providence, not with reverence only, but with trust and hope.

In prosperity he cultivates his mind; stores it with useful knowledge, with good principles, and virtuous dispositions. The resources remain entire when the day of trouble comes. His chief pleasures are always of the calm, innocent, and temperate kind, and over those the changes of the world have the least power. His mind is a kingdom to him, and he can ever enjoy it.

THE ROBBERY OF Mr. JAMES MACKAY,
UPHOLSTERER, IN PICCADILLY.

MR. Mackay was trustee to the will of a gentleman deceased, and had constantly paid
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the wife of De Chameron an annuity of thirty guineas a year, under the will to which he was intrusted. The wife of this man had been in the habit of constantly making applications to Mr. Mackay to assist her with money in advance on account of her annuity, always stating her poverty and distress as the plea. She was then in advance; and what was unfortunate for Mr. Mackay, the pretence for decoying him from his house was, that she had called on him with the information of its being in her power to repay the money Mr. Mackay had been good enough to advance, and that, if he would then accompany her to her house, she would repay it. Mr. Mackay immediately left his own house about nine in the morning with her, and were both of them let in by De Chameron. He was desired to walk up stairs into the dining-room, when De Chameron, after a few minutes conversation, produced a large knife and a pair of pistols, with which he menaced him with instant death, if he offered to cry out or alarm the neighbours, and if he did not lower his voice he would instantly dispatch him. He then demanded his immediately writing an order on his banker (Messrs. Drummond) for three hundred guineas, and was very pressing that it should be drawn in his usual, customary manner of drawing drafts, for if the money was not produced, instant death

death should be the consequence of refusal. The draft was written by Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. De Chameron was dispatched with it. On her return, the villain produced the bank-notes to Mr. Mackay, and told him, there was the money. He then insisted on his drawing another draft on Mr. Walpole, the banker, where the money was kept for the payment of De Chameron's annuity.— This Mr. Mackay refused, stating, that he would submit to death rather than do it; that if he was suffered to have his choice, he, for the sake of his wife and family, should prefer life; but that at all events, he was determined not to draw another draft. Finding he was fixed in his determination, the villain ceased importuning him. He then bored holes in the wainscot of the room, and passed ropes through them, compelling Mr. Mackay to sit down on the floor, to which he bound him, having first tied his hands behind him. In this manner he remained, till some neighbours, hearing his cries, fortunately came and relieved him from his situation.

When the persons got into the house to release Mr. Mackay, they found him tied by the hands and legs, with ropes put through the wainscot, and one hand tied to a rope fixed to the window, which, upon being hastily pushed up, would have

pulled the trigger of a pistol, the muzzle of which was inserted in a small barrel of gunpowder. Mr. Mackay, upon the persons getting up the window to release him, called out to them not to open the window hastily, upon which they opened it gently, and cut the rope, and thereby avoided the danger. There was no furniture whatever in the house; the only things found therein, were some wood, which was put under the staircase, a tinder-box and matches, pen, ink, and paper, and a screw fixed into the ceiling-beam, to which a rope was suspended.

De Chameron, who, in concert with his wife, committed the audacious robbery, was some years ago a private soldier in the French service.—Whilst in that station, he found means to defraud a jeweller in Paris of diamonds to a considerable amount, with which he fled to England. It was supposed that they fled to Holland for security.

SLEEP.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that waylay human arrogance on every side, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become

come more sensible by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things, when they are shewn their form, or told their use; but the speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harrasses himself with fruitless curiosity, and still, as he enquires more, perceives only that he knows less.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has yet been discovered whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility; and some late philosophers have extended the empire of sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change, so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupefaction; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity, or contrariety of opinions upon this subject, nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence on practice. The most diligent enquirer

rer is not able long to keep his eyes open; the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument; and once in four and twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence, by asserting that all conditions are levelled by death; a position which, however it may deject the happy, will seldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleasing to consider that sleep is equally a leveller with death; that the time is never at a great distance, when the balm of rest shall be effused alike upon every head, when the diversities of life shall stop their operation, and the high and the low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conquests, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a man by the necessity of sleep. Whether he considered sleep as necessary to his mind or body, it was indeed a sufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which required such frequency of renovation, gave but faint promises of immortality;

talities; and the mind which, from time to time sunk gladly into insensibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the supreme and self-sufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world, than the consideration, that there is no height of happiness or honour, from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose; that the best condition of life is such, that we contentedly quit its good, to be disentangled from its evils; that in a few hours splendor fades before the eye, and praise itself deadens in the ear; the senses withdraw from their objects, and reason favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and prospects of covetousness, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that desires most have all his desires gratified, he never shall attain a state, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with satisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical separations.

All envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied; and surely none can be much envied who are not
pleased

pleased with themselves. There is reason to suspect that the distinctions of mankind have more show than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obscure, join in one common wish, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our desire of abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the quantity of stupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himself added intemperance to sleep, and solaced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world; and almost every man has some art, by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty; many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the dance of airy images, which after a time we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own
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imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands, or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future; to unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual succession of companions; but the difference is not great; in solitude we have our dreams to ourselves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end sought in both is forgetfulness of ourselves.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,

KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT came to the King's knowledge, that a corporal of his body regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. His Majesty, wanting to be convinced of the matter, it was so settled that the corporal could not fail meeting him at a particular hour. ‘*Ah, corporal,*’ said the Monarch, ‘*you must be a brave fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay.*’ “I flatter myself that I am brave, Sire,” said the man, “but the watch is of very little consequence.” The King taking out a gold watch set round with diamonds, said, ‘*My watch points at five,—how much is yours?*’ Shame and confusion appeared at first in the poor corporal's face; and, however unwilling he might be to boast at that moment, he drew out his chain with the bullet, and answered with a firm voice,—“My watch, your Majesty, shews neither five nor six; but it points out to me, that death which I am ready to die for my King at every moment.” The Monarch replied:—‘*In order that you may see daily one of those hours in which you are to die for me—take this watch.*’

THE
HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION
IN THE FIELD.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue,
O'er breaking clods, the ploughshare's way,
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native diffoluble clay.

And when with seed I strew the earth,
To thee all praises let me give,
Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whose breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd, I behold the stately stem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! sustain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, through youth's dangerous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

When blasts destroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,

Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's fickle yields;
And I beneath death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,
Sleep for a while, to service dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords
The path to life which all must tread.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM III.

LORD Moleworth, who had been Ambassador at the Court of Copenhagen, published, at the end of the last century, an esteemed work, entitled, "*Account of Denmark.*" This writer spoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with the freedom which the liberty of England inspires. The King of Denmark, then reigning, was offended at some reflections of the author, and ordered his Minister to complain of them to William III. King of England. 'What would you have me do?' said William. "Sire," replied the Danish minister, "if you had complained to the
the

the King, my master; of such an offence, he would have sent you the head of the author." ' That is what I neither will, nor can do ;' replied the King; ' but if you desire it, the author shall put what you have told me in the second edition of his work.'

RETIREMENT

NATURAL TO A GOOD MIND;

ITS RELIGIOUS USE.

THE love of retirement has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds, which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed every thing generally supposed to confer happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they possessed both power and riches, and were, therefore, surrounded by men, who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them every thing that might offend their ease or interrupt their pleasure, they have soon felt the languors of satiety, and found themselves unable to pursue the race of life without frequent respirations of intermediate solitude.

To

To produce this disposition, nothing appears requisite but quick sensibility and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or silence, the man, whose faculties enable him to make ready comparisons of the present with the past, will find such constant recurrence of the same pleasures and troubles, the same expectations and disappointments, that he will gladly snatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and seek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of sense cannot afford him.

Nor will greatness, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this desire, since, if he is born to think, he cannot restrain himself from a thousand enquiries and speculations, which he must pursue by his own reason, and which the splendour of his condition can only hinder; for those who are most exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay so large a tribute of their time to custom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, No man in the house is more a slave than the master.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he answered, that
there

there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

These are some of the motives which have had power to sequester kings and heroes from the crowds that soothed them with flatteries, or inspired them with acclamations; but their efficacy seems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common classes of mankind, to whose conceptions the present assemblage of things is adequate, and who seldom range beyond those entertainments and vexations, which solicit their attention by pressing on their senses.

But there is an universal reason for some stated intervals of solitude, which the institutions of the church call upon me, now especially, to mention; a reason which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future state; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; since none can imagine themselves not comprehended in its obligation, but such as determine to set their Maker at defiance by obstinate wickedness, or whose enthusiastic security of his approbation places them above ex-
ternal

ternal ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward to another against the threats of calamity.

It is not without reason that the Apostle represents our passage through this stage of our existence by images drawn from the alarms and solicitude of a military life; for we are placed in such a state, that almost every thing about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleasure, has a tendency to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside, or retard our progress.

Our

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in most things that relate solely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance, every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former, and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated.

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience, which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence, or suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion and multiply their demands?

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties in our provision for this life, arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses, even in cases where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of sense are instantaneous, its objects strike unfought, we are accustomed to follow its directions, and therefore often submit to the sentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoise between the pleasures of this life and the hopes of futurity, present objects more frequently falling into the scale, would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all its activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite, not less than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the
business,

business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rights of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which every thing proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves, which has always been considered as the perfection of human nature ; and this is only to be obtained by frequent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirements from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting sight of prosperous wickedness.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alleged it was none of his business.—Very well, said the master; but pray what do you call your business? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu.—You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others shew,
 That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;

O lead

O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let ~~thy~~ will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ABSURDITY OF
HEREDITARY PREJUDICES
EXPOSED.

SOME persons believe every thing that their kindred, their parents, and their tutors, believe. The veneration and the love which they have for their ancestors, incline them to swallow down all their opinions at once, without examining what truth or falshood there is in them. Men take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them. I freely grant that parents are appointed

appointed by God and nature to teach us all the sentiments and practices of our younger years; and happy are those whose parents lead them into the paths of wisdom and truth. I grant further, that when persons come to years of discretion, and judge for themselves, they ought to examine the opinions of their parents with the greatest modesty, and with an humble deference to their superior character; they ought, in matters perfectly dubious, to give the preference to their parent's advice, and always to pay them the first respect, nor ever depart from their opinions and practices, till reason and conscience make it necessary.— But after all, it is possible that parents may be mistaken, and therefore reason and scripture ought to be our final rules of determination in matters that relate to this world, and that which is to come.

AN

EVENING ODE.

EVENING now from purple wings
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;

Near

Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love;
 Stella, thither let us stray!
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.
 Phœbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
 In his stead, the queen of night
 Round us pours a lambent light;
 Light that seems but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
 Evening's silent hours employ,
 Silence best, and conscious shades,
 Please the hearts that love invades;
 Other pleasures give them pain,
 Lovers all but love disdain.

The WORLD never known but by a Change
 of FORTUNE.

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

BORN to a large fortune, and bred to the
 knowledge of those arts which are supposed
 to accomplish the mind, and adorn the person of
 a woman. To these attainments, which custom

and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary acquisitions by the use of books, and the conversation of that species of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and aversion, under the name of scholars, but whom I have found a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained, which, embellished with elegance, and softened by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world, I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard in every place of concourse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation; my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame; my mien was studied; my dress was imitated; my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves; my visits were solicited as honours;

nours; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with Meliffa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass, I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance. When I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph, amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and careffes. To please Meliffa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer

is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year; when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination that Melissa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she should cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearances, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem as to submit to the baseness of fraud. or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, and those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamity in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits: some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes,—to compare my present and former condition; to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendour which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level
with

with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended. I will, therefore, so far mention my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule,—that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements. These had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary

to

to their happiness, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured, because the men who followed them, upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions flighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happened to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their
court

court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Meliffa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate, who has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of the dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous, lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

SUCCESS-

SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM
OF
A SPANISH GENERAL.

THE dreadful massacres in South-America, by which millions of poor Indians, ‘ the gentlest children of the sun,’ were savagely extirpated, have rendered the Spanish name detestable on that vast continent. One of the Generals of this nation, however, was not insensible to the kindly dictates of humanity. He was desirous to spare the effusion of blood, and to owe his conquest to the more innocent arts of stratagem. With this view he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the sun, that either of the two contending parties, which appeared to be visibly protected by heaven, should reign over the other, who, moreover, should embrace their religion; that the Americans therefore should implore the assistance of the sun, while the Spaniards should beseech the protection of the Invisible but Supreme Being, whom they adored as Lord of the Sun, and of the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish General assured the American Chiefs, that he had been praying to the true God to obscure the splendor of that great luminary, which his enemies worshipped, that by such a signal

D d nal

nal miracle he might subdue them to his laws, and to the dominion of the King of Spain. In two hours, added the crafty Spaniard, this will certainly be! He knew that there would be an eclipse precisely at that time, and the poor Indians, not having the least idea of astronomy, were so astonished to find the prediction of the Spaniards fulfilled, that from that moment they hesitated not to submit themselves to the religion and government of Spain.

ANECDOTE.

AS the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean calling for his boots, the servant immediately took them to him; when the Dean saw them, How is this, Tom, says he, my boots are not cleaned? No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again. Very well, said the Dean, go and get the horses ready. In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast.—When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready? Yes, Sir, says the servant; Go bring them, said the Dean. I have not had
my

my breakfast yet, Sir, said Tom. Oh, no matter for that, says the Dean, if you had it you would soon be hungry again. They mounted and rode off; as they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. Who is that gentleman, said he to the servant? It is my master, Sir, said Tom. I know that, you blockhead, said the gentleman, but where are you going? We are going to heaven, Sir, says Tom. How do you know that? said the gentleman. Because I am fasting, and my master is praying, Sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.

BETTY BROOM'S HISTORY.

I AM a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, our patronesses, visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were instructed to be thankful to those at whose cost we were educated. I was always the favourite of my mistress; she used to call me to read and shew my

copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me without a commendation, and very seldom without a shilling.

At last the chief of our subscribers, having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country.—She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the influence of servants—that scarcely a wench was to be got *for all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of con-
viction

viction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our school was now dissolved; my mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpless, she could not assist me, advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, considered as a crime; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than, *Sure, child, you would not work; hard work is not fit for a penwoman;—a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child.*

I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to London, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's

week's waggon to London. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place.— She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watch-maker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on Sunday, and spend half the wages of the week on Richmond-hill; on Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; Tuesday and Wednesday consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse.— You may be sure that of the sufferers the maid suffered most, and I left them after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night.

night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning; he seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linendraper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry.— I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous, and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants, and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in
proportion

proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light fingered. You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

Having left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or the suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompence her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became under-maid at the house of a mercer in Cornhill, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern without the knowledge of his father,
and

and I was ordered by my mistress to let him in silently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilst the rest of the family was in bed, I considered as supernumerary, and having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way; I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress, who told me that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This was the first time that I found or thought it criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life; my mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake of her

amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude.— But a burning fever seized my mistress, of whom I shall say no more than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place, and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen; so that when I was hired into the family of an East-India Director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footman; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress, the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's

day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation ; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for some time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though she could not read hard words, and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At last my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house-steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out that my fauciness was grown to such a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well swept since *Betty Broom* came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to

leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick-bed, and I would find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner, because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made and destroyed, because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour; but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and sullenness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds; with this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

SIR Walter Raleigh, discoursing with some friends, in the Tower, of Happiness, urged, that it was not only a freedom from diseases and pains of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience, and inward tranquillity.

And

And this happiness, so suitable to the immortality of our souls, and the eternal state we must live in, is only to be met with in Religion.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN the year 1718. Dryden's '*All for Love*,' was performed for the amusement of the old Duke of Marlborough, by persons of fashion. Among the learned who were present, are to be mentioned the names of Bishop Hoadly, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele.

Lady Bateman, who was the Duke's favourite grandchild, and very beautiful, played the part of Cleopatra; her Ladyship applied in vain to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion. Bishop Hoadly, perceiving her anxiety, on retiring at bed-time, called for pen, ink, and paper, and in the morning delivered to Lady Bateman a prologue, which is preserved in Mr. Duncombe's collection of '*Letters by several eminent Persons*.' Her Ladyship accordingly spoke it in the evening; and the compliments in the following lines, with his grand-daughter's attention,

tention, being as acceptable as it was sudden—his Grace burst into tears.

EXTRACT.

- ‘ This heap of stones, which Blenheim’s palace
frame,
- ‘ Rose in this form a trophy to thy name :
- ‘ This heap of stones must crumble into sand ;
- ‘ But thy great name shall through all ages stand.
- ‘ In fate’s dark book I saw thy long-liv’d name,
- ‘ And thus the certain prophecy proclaim :—
- “ One shall arise,* who will thy deeds rehearse,
- “ Not in arch’d roof, or in suspended verse ;
- “ But in plain annals of each glorious year ;
- “ With pomp of truths the story shall appear.
- “ Long after Blenheim’s walls shall moulder’d lie,
- “ Or, blown by winds, to distant regions fly,
- “ By him shall thy great actions all survive,
- “ And by thy name shall his be taught to live.”

In the course of the play, Sir Richard Steele, who sat next to the Bishop, often remarked how well Captain Fisher, who played the part of Anthony, performed the character; and the Captain being particularly impassioned with Lady Bate-

* This probably alludes to Sir Richard Steele’s intention of writing a History of the Duke’s campaigns.

man, Sir Richard remarked—‘ I doubt this Fish is Flesh, my Lord.’

ANECDOTE OF AN ATTORNEY.

A Worthy old gentleman in the country, having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country gentleman, there’s one of them, I am sure, cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier’s, that you sent me for a present out of the country.

AN ANECDOTE.

M. Le Porter, page to Lewis XIV. in the Memoirs of the French Court, informs us that there was an old Courtier, then living, who had

had rose gradually from Page to the Queen Catherine of Medicis, to be an assistant to the Favourite, and in time supplanted him; who, after thirty years, and numberless changes, was dismissed with an honourable pension, and the Order of St. Lewis. The old gentleman, during a severe illness, confessed to a Rev. Court Chaplain, with seeming contrition, the ways and means he had submitted to, to preserve favour, and to acquire preferment. The Rev. Father having confidence in his penitent, freely acknowledged the great similarity in their proceedings through the course of their earthly progress, though not with equal success, or he had long since been Archbishop; passing at the same time a modest compliment on the venerable Courtier's superior judgment and perseverance.—The Knight looking stedfastly on his Reverence, said, “from such sincere confessions, shall we not presume to absolve each other, without justly incurring the censure of the Holy Romish Church.” The good Priest's zeal not exceeding his knowledge, he received with humility a lay absolution.

THE INESTIMABLE
VALUE OF TIME.

EVERY hour you live is an hour given you to prepare for dying, and to save a soul. If you were but apprized of the worth of your own souls, you would better know the worth of days and hours, and of every passing moment; for they are given to secure your immortal interest, and save a soul from everlasting misery. And you would be zealous and importunate in the prayer of Moses, the man of God, upon a meditation of the shortness of life, Ps. xc. 12. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts to wisdom." *i. e.* So teach us to consider how few and uncertain our days are, that we may be truly wise in preparing for the end of them.

It is a matter of vast importance to be ever ready for the end of time, ready to hear this awful sentence confirmed with the oath of the glorious angel, that 'time shall be no longer.' The terrors or the comforts of a dying-bed depend upon it: the solemn and decisive voice of judgment depends upon it; the joys and the sorrows of a long eternity depend upon it:—Go now, careless sinner, and in the view of such things as these,

go and trifle away time as you have done before; time, that invaluable treasure: go, and venture the loss of your souls, and the hopes of heaven and your eternal happiness, in wasting away the remnant of hours or moments of life: but remember, the awful voice of the angel is hastening towards you, and the sound is just breaking upon you, that 'time shall be no longer.'

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ONE time the King rung his bell, but nobody coming, he opened the door of the anti-chamber, and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to wake him, he perceived a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited his curiosity and attention; he drew it out and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance, in sending her part of his wages; for which heaven would certainly reward him, if he continued his faithful service to God and his Majesty. The King walked softly back to his apartment, fetched a roll of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into his

his pocket again. Soon after he rung the bell so hard that the page awoke, and made his appearance. "Surely you have been asleep," said the King. The boy stammered part of an excuse, and part of a confession; and in his confusion, putting his hand into his pocket, he felt, with the greatest surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, trembling, grew pale, and stared at the Monarch with tears starting from his eyes, and unable to utter a syllable. "What is the matter?" said the King. 'Alas! your Majesty,' sobbed the page, falling on his knees, 'my ruin is intended, I know nothing of this money.' "Why," said the King, "whenever fortune does come, she comes sleeping—you may send it to your mother, with my compliments, and assure her, I will provide for you both." The unexpected joy this gave the page, is beyond description.

This very scene has produced a comedy, entitled '*The Noble Youth*,' by Professor Engle.

UNCERTAINTY OF FRIENDSHIP.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of Friendship. It is painful to consider that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or

destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of Friendship, of invincible Constancy, and unalienable Kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable because they are rare. The Friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power, and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together, may be separated by the different course of their affairs; and Friendship, like love, is destroyed
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by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions.—What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man, deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend, after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them, that the pleasure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different scenes have made different impressions, the opinions of both
are

are changed, and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest, which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of Friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest, upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief I know not what security can be obtained; men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels, and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will be seldom found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united.—Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks cold and petulant; Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender

flender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the desire of pleasing, and willingness to be pleased, are silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

A HYMN.

OUR God is the Father of all,
 The Father of mercies and love;
 He pities the works of his hands,
 Though he reigns in the heavens above.

Not a sparrow can fall to the ground
 Without his permission and care;
 From such a kind Father and Friend,
 Then what have his children to fear?

We've nothing to fear but from sin,
 It is sin that displeases our God;
 When we disobey his commands,
 Like a Father he uses the rod.

ADVICE

ADVICE FROM A YOUNG LADY

TO HER

FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE,

LATELY MARRIED.

HEAR, Peggy, since the single state
 You've left, and chose yourself a mate,
 Since metamorphos'd to a wife,
 And blifs or woe infur'd for life;
 A friendly muse the way would show,
 To gain the blifs, and miss the woe:
 But first of all I must suppose
 You've with mature reflection chose;
 And this premis'd, I think you may
 Here find to married blifs the way.

Small is the province of a wife,
 And narrow is her sphere of life;
 Within that sphere to move aright,
 Should be her principal delight;
 To guide the house with prudent care,
 And properly to spend and spare;
 To make her husband bleſs the day
 He gave his liberty away;
 To form the infant's tender mind;
 These are the tasks to wives assign'd:

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Then

Then never think domestic care
 Beneath the province of the fair,
 But daily those affairs inspect,
 That nought be wasted through neglect:
 Be frugal plenty round you seen,
 And always keep the golden mean.

Be always clean, but seldom fine,
 Let decent neatness round you shine:
 If once fair decency be fled,
 Love soon deserts the genial bed.

The early days of wedded life
 Are oft o'ercast with childish strife;
 But be it your peculiar care
 To keep that season bright and fair;
 For then's the time, by gentle art,
 To fix your empire in his heart;
 With kind obliging carriage strive
 To keep the lamp of love alive:
 For should it through neglect expire,
 No art again can light the fire.

To charm his reason, dress your mind,
 Till love shall be with friendship join'd;
 Rais'd on that basis 'twill endure,
 From Time and Death itself secure.

Be sure you ne'er for power contend,
 Nor seek by tears to gain your end ;
 Most times those tears which cloud our eyes,
 From pride and obstinacy rise:
 Heaven gave to man superior sway,
 Then heaven and him at once obey.

Let fullen frowns your brows ne'er cloud,
 Be always cheerful—never loud:
 Let trifles never discompose
 Your features, temper, or repose.

Abroad for happiness ne'er roam,
 True happiness consists at home;
 Still make your partner easy there,
 (Man finds abroad sufficient care)
 If every thing at home be right,
 He'll always enter with delight;
 Your converse he'll prefer to all
 Those cheats the world do pleasure call;
 With cheerful chat his cares beguile,
 And always meet him with a smile.

Should passion e'er his soul deform,
 Serenely meet the bursting storm;
 Never in wordy war engage,
 Nor ever meet his rage with rage;

With all our sex's soft'ning art,
 Recall lost reason to his heart;
 Thus calm the tempest in his breast,
 And sweetly soothe his soul to rest.

Be sure you ne'er arraign his sense,
 (Few husbands pardon that offence)
 'Twill discord raise, disgust it breeds,
 And hatred certainly succeeds;
 Then shun. O shun, the fatal shelf!
 Still think him wiser than yourself;
 Or if you otherwise believe,
 Ne'er let him such a thought perceive.

When care invades your partner's heart,
 Bear you a sympathizing part,
 And kindly claim your share of pain,
 And half his troubles still sustain:
 From rising morn till setting night,
 To see him pleas'd, your sole delight.

But now, methinks, I hear you cry,
 Shall she pretend,—O vanity!—
 To lay down rules for wedded life,
 Who never was herself a wife?
 I own you've ample cause to chide,
 And, blushing, throw my pen aside.

ROBBERY OF TIME.

WHEN Diogenes received a visit in his tub from Alexander the Great. and was asked, according to the ancient forms of royal courtesy, what petition he had to offer, " I have nothing," said he, " to ask, but that you would remove to the other side, that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine, take from me what you cannot give me."

Such was the demand of Diogenes from the greatest monarch of the earth, which those, who have less power than Alexander. may with yet more propriety apply to themselves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do sometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence should at least be vigilantly preserved.

It is well known, that time once past never returns, and that the moment which is lost. is lost for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others.

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This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice; scarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement; the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

This waste of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the Great, whose followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at last with petitions in their hands. Those who raise envy will easily incur censure. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not suffer more reproaches than they deserve, and may not rather themselves complain that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to importunity without shame.

The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number solicitation is its own reward: To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase

crease or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be considered as a beast of prey, justly dreaded, but easily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waste of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not resisted, because they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded mischiefs, and invisible encroachments.

He, whose rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, must give up himself in a great measure to the convenience or humour of those that surround him. Every man who is sick of himself, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to speak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to speak. Hour passes after hour, the noon succeeds to morning, and the evening to noon, while a thousand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as fast as they are offered, but which the custom of the world

world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies; he, who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain; to the œconomist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles, and breach of alliances; to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

'To put every man in possession of his own time, and rescue the day from this succession of usurpers, is beyond my power and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, some stop might be put to this unmerciful persecution, if all would seriously reflect, that whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty

of

of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

ON THE

GENERAL CRUELTY OF SCHOOLS.

POVERTY, or covetousness, I have observed to be the two motives with men to undertake the drudgery of a school: from the last nothing good can come, the motive is bad: from the first we may expect something: hunger softens brutes; but a peculiar attention should be paid to the temper of the man. If he is hasty and irascible, it will vent itself in beating and cruelty to the children; if mild and gentle, it will be alluring and irresistibly persuasive. An Apostle hath said, "Fathers provoke not your children to wrath:" but how many children, in contempt of this precept, are provoked to wrath by the wanton cruelties of masters! Many an amiable disposition has been ruined by unhappily falling under such hands.

Why is it that our universities send us back so few bright men? The cause, in a great measure, is in our schools. Young men, glad that they are escaped from slavery and the lash, to a land of liberty, think they can never enjoy it enough;

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and finding the college exercise trifling, and that little time is required to perform it, the rest is devoted to pleasure, and such pleasure too that often stupifies the scholar, and leaves what the chemists call a *caput mortuum*, a lump of dulness.

A friend of mine, whom I have heard lament the present insensible method of masters, thought he had found out a proper place for an only child at what is called a private school, that is, by the bye, only a more crafty method to pick your pocket; but he found himself miserably deceived. I was at his house when what I am going to relate happened. One Silex, I believe, a Welch parson, set up some years since such a school as this, craftily giving out that he would take but a few, but would have his price. My friend was caught in the deception: he sent his son, unsuspecting any severity, much less cruelty. The boy was of an amiable disposition, and very ready at learning; but it happened once, after his return from home some four or five days, doubtless with thoughts uncollected for school exercise at such a season, that he missed a word in construing his lesson. The fault was unpardonable; he was beat upon his head, his money taken from him, and, *horrendum dictu!* he was told that he should be confined to the school-room three days without viſuals,
and

and at the end be severely flogged. What man, under such circumstances, would not meditate an escape? much more then a boy, not eleven years old. He bore, however, with patience, the first day's confinement, though victuals were brought to him, but as it were by stealth. The manner of this conveyance confirmed him that he must undergo the punishment. Into what an agony must such a child be thrown by such cruel treatment? Fear is a dreadful painter. The images it draws in the mind are horrible; but some of his schoolfellows, commiserating his case, persuaded him to attempt his escape. The undertaking was arduous, yet the next morning he set out, and though he had near thirty miles to travel, he was at home by dinner; such was the swiftness fear gave to his feet. But what a scene of distress did I there behold! the sudden surprize by the child's return, the fear lest he should have overheated his blood, and a multitude of misgiving thoughts, had very near been too much for the parents.

My blood, I confess, boiled against the wretch that had thus wantonly sported in cruelty, which might have turned out fatal to a family, and im-bittered the rest of their days: but masters make light of these things, and tell them with glee and pleasure over their pipes and bottles. It is high

time for authority to interpose. Apprentices enjoy its protection; for it is forbid masters to use any cruelty with them. Why then should it not interpose, and lay its commands on schoolmasters? Why must children, less able to bear severity, be unmercifully exposed to it? Colleges have visitors, and also many other institutions to regulate abuses. Let visitors then be appointed at the public expence to be a check upon schoolmasters. It would be money wisely disbursed, no matter for men of learning; honest and humane will be sufficient. The end of their office is only to be a check upon their masters. The will of man unchecked naturally grows imperious. How comes it to pass that we have been wise enough to lay restraints on each other in every other affair of life, and yet have neglected to place a watch upon schoolmasters? Talk with men who have either passed through a public or private school, and you will not hear one in three speak well of the master's humanity. Many schools are more terrifying to children than prisons to men.

The following elegant Lines were written on the Death of the Rev. MOORE MEREDITH Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Mr. H. F. SOAME, Student of that College, and fixed upon the Pall of the deceased, according to the custom of that Society.

SONS of the world, who view with scornful eyes
 The grave in which sequester'd science lies;
 Who mock the student's toils, or mark them not,
 Or deem he labours but to be forgot;
 Exists a while within the cloister's gloom,
 Then sinks unheeded to an humble tomb!
 Come, ye who proudly scorn the pedant's boast,
 Here weep the talents which you honour most!
 Know that there sleeps on this lamented bier
 All that might well have grac'd your gayer sphere;
 Wit, that to dulness only gave offence,
 And learning's store subservient still to sense;
 The sportive fancy, and the humourous vein,
 Which numbers imitate, but few attain;
 Quick to conceive, and ready to express
 The clear conception in its happiest dress;
 Fire, that with seventy winters snow could wage
 Successful war, and melt the frost of age.
 Mourn him, ye gay, for you had sure approv'd
 Whom *Yorick* honour'd, and *Eugenius** lov'd;

* STERNE and HALL, both of Jesus College, and intimate friends of Mr. MEREDITH.

Refuse the decent tribute, if you can,
Due to the Wit, the Scholar, and the Man!

ANECDOTE

OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

SOME months since, while the Prince of Mecklenburgh Strelitz was on a visit to his Royal Highness, he took him to Scheveling, to see the departure of the vessels and boats employed in the fishery, (esteemed a fine sight in Holland) and on which occasion the seamen and crews generally vie with each other in parade and dexterity. The Prince of Orange standing near the water's edge, as the vessels were about hoisting sail, a boy on board one of the vessels, eager to distinguish himself in the eye of the Prince, by exhibiting some feats of activity, unfortunately fell overboard, and was drowned: at sight of which the Prince of Orange instantly jumped into the water, with a generous view of saving him, and was in the greatest danger of being drowned, by a wave rolling over him; but having been with difficulty rescued from the peril, some of his attendants asked him why he hazarded himself, whose life was so valuable to the public. When he declared, in the most humane and affectionate terms, that at the instant

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the boy fell in, he forgot his consequence, his philanthropy over-ruling, and felt himself equally interested to save him, as if he had been his brother. A speech not only expressive of his exalted soul, but worthy the descendant of such illustrious ancestors. Further, the Prince, as a proof of his noble humanity, settled a handsome pension on the parents of the boy, who lost his life in a laudable, though hazardous endeavour, to encrease the entertainment of his Prince.

AN ANECDOTE.

JOHNSHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckingham, when Earl of Mulgrave, was Lord Chamberlain to King James II. He was apt to comply in every thing that he thought might be acceptable; for he went with the King to mass, and kneeled at it; and being looked upon as indifferent to all religions, the Priests made an attack upon him. He heard them gravely arguing for transubstantiation. He told them, "he was willing to receive instruction:—he had taken much pains to bring himself to believe in God who made the world, and all men in it; but it must not be an ordinary force of argument that could make him believe, that man was quits with God, and made God again."

A GAMING ANECDOTE.

A Very respectable gentleman, who had averſion to cards, that he might not be deemed unfashionable in a family where he often viſited, and public days for play were ſet apart, found himſelf under the neceſſity to play deep; but it was his good fortune generally to be ſucceſſful. After ſome years of intimacy, the maſter of the family took him aſide one day, and imparted to him the melancholy ſecret, that his affairs were in a moſt embarraſſed ſtate. The gentleman expreſſed his concern at his friend's diſtreſs, and entreated him not to deſpair. On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had nightly depoſited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's houſe, and the next day he inſiſted on refunding the ſum this inconfiderate man and his family had loſt. It was ſufficient to give a turn to his affairs, and to ſave his friend from inſtant imprifonment; but he reſtored it only on this condition, that they ſhould never play at cards again.

F I N I S.







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